How To Liberate Cuba *Ernesto Betancourt*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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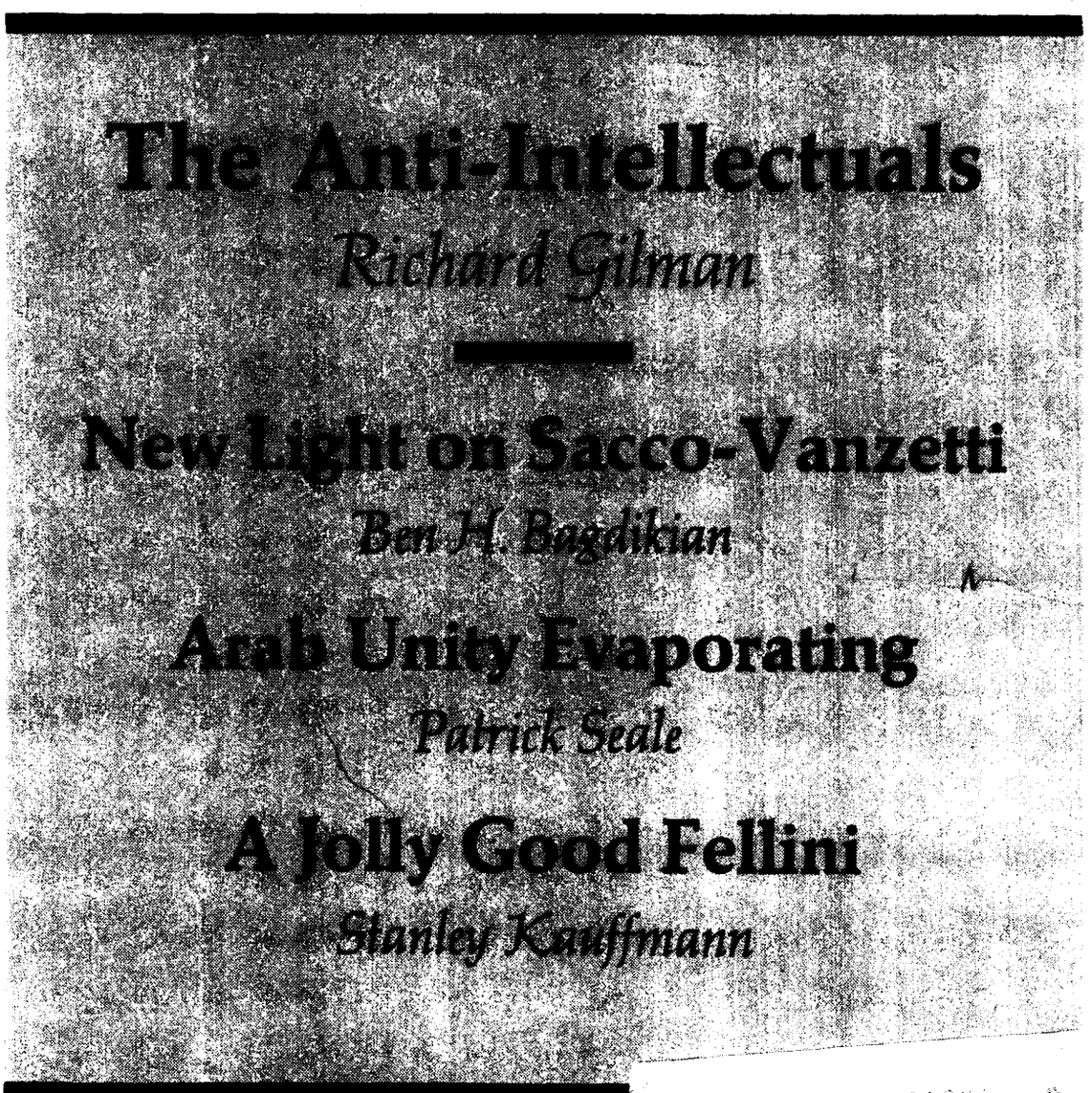

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Kennedy's Political Risks

★ This is a fascinating time in American politics. Take the Democrats first. President Kennedy has irrevocably committed himself to the civil rights cause. Maybe he came late, maybe he had to come, but here he is. Inevitable compromises lie ahead but there will be less of them if he has full liberal support. As Karl E. Meyer aptly described the Kennedy speech after the Governor Wallace episode in Alabama: "The succeeding words were those of an otherwise prudent politician who has crossed a moral divide."

There is a real political risk for the President. Southern segregationists despised Truman but seem to hate Kennedy. He quietly told Negro leaders at an off-the-record conference at the White House, June 22, that a forthcoming poll would show his popularity had dropped, for the first time, "below 50 percent." There was ambiguity over which poll he meant. The *Gallup* and *Louis Harris* polls both show a plunge since he took his civil rights stand, particularly in the South, but his over-all popularity is still around 55-60 percent.

Mr. Kennedy may have referred to a particular question put by Harris, did the public like the way he was handling civil rights and race problems? The response was a toss-up: 49 percent favorable; 51 percent unfavorable. The South – 75 percent unfavorable.

To sum this up, Kennedy might have postponed or temporized; he did neither; when the chips were finally down he acted decisively and swiftly with eyes open; he took big political risks.

The upheaval on the Republican side is still more interesting. It coincides with two other developments, the collapse of the Rockefeller boom (because of his remarriage) and the steady, nationwide infiltration of the GOP by the ultra-conservatives and the Yahoo-right. The Eastern internationalists (the "Eisenhower-moderates" as we might call them) have been thrown into confusion by the Rockefeller collapse and the Goldwater rush into the vacuum.

What is happening is a real fight for the Republican soul. The Yahoo-right is conservative first and Republican second; it seems incredible that it should denounce Eisenhower as too liberal (or a "Communist stooge," as the Birchites put it), or that it should seriously threaten a great political party. But remember that a typical group, Lifeline Foundation, Inc., broadcasts over 300 radio and TV stations (in Washington you can hear it twice a day, seven days a week, over WFAX, a Virginia holy-roller type station) and that the same kind of thing is being pumped out by other tax-exempt foundations over the country. They have captured a GOP salient, the National Federation of Young Republicans; they have seen Kennedy alienate the South; they have watched the liberal front-runner, Rockefeller, falter and all but eliminate himself, and they have their own leader of the far right, Goldwater.

Ike Didn't Turn the Clock Back

★ As always, the perplexed General Eisenhower offers an element of humor. He doesn't like the Rockefeller type – too liberal, worries too much about unemployment, belongs to the 20th Century! On the other hand, when he took office Ike didn't turn the clock back. He accepted social reforms and merely called a holiday on new ones. What Ike can't understand is why the radical right hates *him* so. The quasi-fascist John Birch Society attacks Presidents, the Supreme Court, and national leaders – Eisenhower is a "Communist stooge," Earl Warren should be "impeached." Ike doesn't know it yet but almost certainly, we guess, he will ultimately throw his weight to some moderate or compromise GOP candidate. It may come too late.

This brings us now to that dashing and attractive romantic, Goldwater. What does he stand for? The record is almost unbelievable. His foreign affairs approach: brandish the bomb, support banana dictators, withdraw recognition from Communist countries, invade Cuba, retreat from the UN, take a "strong" stand around the world, and save money by reducing military expenditures! The package of dogma symbolizes the myth of America's invulnerability and supremacy.

What Is Goldwater?

★ His primitivism in domestic belief is just as breath-taking. He would abolish the graduated income tax (substitute a fixed rate income tax on all alike, rich and poor). He favors the compulsory open shop and calls the federal school program illegal until the Constitution is amended. He would make a tax cut conditional on a balanced budget. He believes unemployment can be solved only by private investment. The Birchites, he believes, are mostly fine people, though he thinks their founder, Robert Welch, is now a handicap and should retire. In general, Goldwater likes patriotism of the raw-meat variety; he considered the late Senator McCarthy a sincere man and was one of the few who voted against his censure by the Senate in 1954.

What is Goldwater? He is the poet of a romantic dream that is all over; he is the leader who evokes a mystic faith in ardent followers that somehow he can lead them back to the virile pioneer virtues to the sound of plunked banjos and of creaking Conestoga wagons. It is fortunate for the country that Goldwater has Jewish blood; it curbs the crypto-Nazi racism of some of his supporters. Goldwater is essentially decent; he is no racist. He believes discrimination is "morally wrong" though his remedies for it are doubtful.

Goldwater's formal education ended with high school. Would further study have made a difference? He told the National Interfraternity Conference at Los Angeles in 1960, for instance, that fraternities were a "bastion of American strength," that Harvard did not have them and was consequently radical. "Where fraternities are not allowed," he said, "Communism flourishes." The Radical Right sees a leader, a party, and an opportunity; can lily-white Republicanism reach the White House via the South?

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Although the President's European trip had a long-term rather than a short-term objective, it is already being hailed as a success by the press. Just what this really means is difficult to tell. The trip was never intended to produce concrete agreements on controversial issues, and it didn't. The President's aim was psychological rather than narrowly diplomatic: he wanted to alter the political climate in Europe. In a sense, his was an effort to outflank de Gaulle and reestablish an American "presence" in Europe – a task for which 400,000 US troops are apparently no longer sufficient. His aim was to remind all concerned that America, not France, is still the preeminent European power. If persuaded, Europeans might be readier than they have been in recent months to sacrifice, or at least compromise, their narrower national interests in order to restore transatlantic harmony.

Whether Kennedy succeeded in changing the European mood can hardly be judged a few hours after his departure. The last cheers have hardly died away, and as this is written General de Gaulle's countermarch has not yet begun. The public welcome was enthusiastic, and everyone spoke very approvingly of both European and Atlantic unity, but whether this will mean more European support for NATO, lower tariffs on US farm products, or additional support for the dollar, remains to be seen. The Europeans, after all, are as adept as anyone at saying one thing and doing another. Indeed, they can even claim to be following American precedent if, after cheering Kennedy, they ignore his specific requests. If duties on Arkansas poultry remain prohibitive despite talk of freer trade, the Europeans can answer that only last year the US, in the very midst of passing a "Trade Expansion Act," was raising tariffs on glass and carpets. If European bankers prove unreceptive to American proposals for expanding international credit (proposals the US has yet to make), Europeans can point out that only last year the US was throwing cold water on British proposals to do the same thing. And if Europeans continue to insist on building or retaining independent nuclear forces rather than accept a multilateral force over which the US would have a veto, it is important to remember that the US has never shown any interest in giving the Europeans a veto (or even a vote) in the use of SAC. Only last fall America took the world to the brink of war without even consulting its European "partners"; this, the Europeans argue, may have been necessary, but it might be equally necessary for them to act independently at some future date – *e.g.*, "another Suez." The case for Atlantic unity is an old and a good one.

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But such unity cannot be built on rhetoric alone; it would require common institutions to bind us together even when divergent interests and emotions impel us to go our separate ways. The US has never had much interest in creating such institutions – in "surrendering our sovereignty." It has sought, not only in military but in economic affairs, to create a transatlantic alliance of independent states, not a federation. The history of alliances is a history of conflict and collapse. Only the most foolhardy European or American statesman would put absolute faith in one. NATO is not a North Atlantic Union, and President Kennedy, no matter what he may say to cheering Germans at the Wall, is not a Berliner but a Bostonian. Today American interests may coincide with German, French, British and Italian interests, at least on most of the larger issues; but in a decade – or even a few seconds – we may diverge. The Europeans know this as well as the Americans, and no paper commitment – not even President Kennedy's promise that American cities will be risked if Europe is attacked – can be made irrevocable. In this sense de Gaulle is right.

Behind this difficulty lies a larger issue, which goes to the heart not only of NATO but of America's whole foreign policy since 1945. The President himself raised it eloquently in Frankfurt on June 25. The President recollected how Kossuth had spoken at Boston's Faneuil Hall in 1852 and had deplored the New England rubric for the Hall ("Cradle of American Liberty"). "You should not say American liberty," the President quoted Kossuth as saying. "You should say liberty in America. Liberty should not be either American or European – it should just be liberty." "Kossuth was right," the President continued. "For unless liberty flourishes in all lands, it cannot flourish in one. Conceived in one hall it must be carried out in many."

This is an extraordinary claim. Taken literally, it is silly. There are, unhappily, many lands in which liberty has never flourished since the dawn of history, and in which there is little prospect of its emerging in the foreseeable future. There are others in which liberty has survived for many years. The Swiss remained free for centuries when all around them were not. The US too remained free in Kossuth's time, despite the failure of the 1848 revolutions in Europe. In the US as in Switzerland, isolationism was for a long time a *sine qua non* of independence and domestic freedom.

Surely the President, an amateur historian, knows all this. So if he nevertheless asserts that "unless liberty flourishes in all lands, it cannot flourish in one," he must be consciously creating a mythology rather than trying to explain history. Indeed, the myth has cropped up over and over in the public statements of this Administration. "Freedom," the Secretary of State said recently, "is indivisible." Yet clearly, even today, freedom is *not* indivisible. The Swedes are free; the Hungarians are not. The Dominicans are free; the Haitians are not. When the Russians marched into Budapest in 1956, Americans were rightly told that freedom *had to be* divisible – that it could only be preserved (in America) by allowing it to be extinguished (in Hungary).

So what is one to conclude? That the President and his colleagues are mad? Surely not. A more reasonable interpretation is that they are simply trying to provide a general rationale for what has become since 1945 an established US policy: in Mr. Kennedy's words, "there are no exclusively German problems, or American problems. There are world problems." By a similar line of reasoning the US has become actively involved in the domestic affairs of other nations around the world.

Nevertheless, for the present Mr. Kennedy is the President of the United States, not the United Nations or the Atlantic Union, and so long as this is the case his primary responsibility is to the people who elect him, not the people who don't. There may be occasions when his responsibility to America requires him to act on behalf of others who have not chosen to become Americans, but the burden of proof in these cases falls on those who advocate such action. Too often since 1945 this has been forgotten. Too often we have acted as though NATO were a federation rather than an alliance, and as if we were tied by law and brotherhood to every German or Portuguese interest. Too often the US has involved itself in causes abroad which it only partially understood. Sometimes (as in South Vietnam) these causes have proved, on closer acquaintance, less commendable than they at first appeared, and often their connection with the preservation of liberty, either in America or elsewhere, has been non-existent.

The kind of caution we are suggesting might also lead to a more skeptical appraisal of our relations with Europe than Mr. Kennedy seems to urge. If the US is unwilling to create a genuine transatlantic union, with binding supranational institutions to control it, then is it wise to drift unwittingly into pseudo-union based on high hopes? If we do not trust the Europeans enough to join our nuclear forces with theirs, creating a single jointly-controlled force to serve the whole Western Alliance, then is it wise to indulge in token multilateralism which will merely whet the Europeans appetites for independent Strategic Air Commands of their own? Similarly, if we are not prepared to create the international political institutions needed to control an international economy, is it wise to devote great effort to making both ourselves and the European more dependent on such an economy?

General de Gaulle and President Kennedy have answered these questions in different ways. The *New Republic* has opposed multilateralism in the nuclear

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field while defending it in economics. Some of our readers have split the difference in other ways. But however these issues are analyzed, they turn out thornier than the President's rhetoric suggests. In a certain historical sense it is certainly true that all nations are "inextricably bound together," but culturally, politically, economically and militarily nations remain divided. The task of diplomacy is to decide which divisions, between which nations, can or should be bridged, not to proclaim that they are all non-existent.

Minow's Farewell

In a nine-page letter he sent to the President on his last day as Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, Newton Minow argued for separating the judicial and administrative functions of the regulatory agencies. He is not the first frustrated member of a commission to come to such a conclusion; four years ago, Louis J. Hector gave President Eisenhower a 75-page brief for dividing the two agency functions before he resigned from the Civil Aeronautics Board. And Minow's successor, 34-year-old E. William Henry, endorsed the separation of powers idea in a television interview a few days after he took office. What they all have in mind is a system patterned after the division of functions between the policy-making Internal Revenue Service and the adjudicating US Tax Court.

Minow's letter, which the White House has not released but which is being circulated privately, articulates the feeling in Washington that the regulatory commissions are sinking back into the same morass of indecision, undue delay and ineffectiveness that characterized their performance – or lack of performance – during the late 1940's and throughout the 1950's. The regulatory problem today is that the agencies remain to a large extent captives of industries they were set up to regulate.

But Minow has now questioned the Administration's entire approach to the problem of regulation in the public interest. Good people, Minow has in effect said, are not enough. "The multi-member agency has great difficulty resolving differences among the members in their approach to basic policies," he said in his letter to the President. "The result is to *not* formulate the policy – and to postpone the policy decision to resolution on a case-by-case basis which all too often means inconsistent decisions with the public and the regulated industry not knowing the ground rules. More important, its consequence is that vital planning and policy measures are not undertaken."

"I believe," Minow went on to say in his letter, "that the policy-making function would not have been adrift for so long, if there had been a division of responsibility between an administrator and an administrative court. The administrator would have had to articulate effective, logical policies or the administrative court would be at a loss in deciding the comparative case. And the court would have long ago established a coherent line of comparative decisions, rather than an unpredictable, crazy-quilt pattern."

In the little more than two years that Minow was chairman of the FCC his accomplishments were minimal. He shook up the television industry with his "vast wasteland" speech of 1961, but the television season just ended was one of the most dismal of the last decade. Minow quickly discovered it was a lot more difficult to get four of the seven members of the FCC to enunciate a clear-cut policy than it was for the chairman to make stirring and literate speeches.

In his 1960 report to the President-elect, James Landis refrained from advocating major structural changes in the regulatory agencies. "Good men can make poor laws workable," he said, and he called for a rekindling of "the fires that . . . feed a passion for public service." A former member of both the SEC and the CAB, Landis knew the political difficulties that would lie in the path of major reorganization proposals. Indeed, two of the six modest reorganization plans (for the FCC and the SEC) that Mr. Kennedy sent to Congress in 1961 at the urging of Landis were defeated because of industry pressure.

The Federal Communications Act is a 1934 statute enacted in the days of radio, not TV; it needs revision. Congress should carefully review the basic policy guidelines which Commissions are supposed to follow, even though the regulatory commissions, including the FCC, are continually reexamining their procedures. The truth of the matter is also that in the regulatory field there are too few Harold Ickes who stay and stay and stay – and fight.

Sense and Nonsense on Cuba

Colorado's Senator Gordon Allott has proposed solving the Castro problem by establishing a Cuban government-in-exile at the Guantanamo Bay naval base. Barry Goldwater rates the scheme perfect both for efficacy and for risklessness.

Actually, the Allott formula illustrates the frustration suffered by critics of the Administration's Cuba policy. The number of Russian troops on the island seems to have steadied at about twice the number deployed to Mexico by Napoleon III a century ago. The Administration deplores the situation but does not know how to drive them out. Its critics wring their hands and invent marginal schemes.

A government-in-exile is often a useful political de-

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vice in war. In other circumstances it has the potency of scotch-on-the-rocks without the scotch. The Guantanamo Bay site, moreover, is leased to the US, not owned outright. The US was given the right to operate a naval station – not a base for political warfare against the Cubans. For imprudence, what could surpass giving Castro a basis for proceeding against the US, in the United Nations or before the International Court of Justice – all for the sake of a nearly meaningless propaganda stunt?

If the Administration feels compelled to "do something" about Castro, then the most practical course of action is the one outlined by Ernesto Betancourt on pages 17 and 18. Mr. Betancourt believes that Castro is now sufficiently unpopular for guerrilla warfare, organized by Cubans rather than Americans, to oust him. If he is right, his is clearly the safest approach to the problem. If he is wrong – if Castro is in fact still as popular as Roger Fisher claimed in these pages a few weeks ago – then as Mr. Fisher argued, the only sensible course for the US is to live with Fidel until the Cubans are tired of him.

The analogy between Hungary and Cuba has been much invoked, on both sides. Hungary showed, first, that even a ruthless totalitarian dictatorship, armed and trained by the USSR, can be overthrown if it grows sufficiently unpopular. It showed, second, that foreign intervention can crush a popular uprising, even after the native dictatorship had fallen. The moral, surely, is that if Castro is really as bad as Washington claims, he can be overthrown without US intervention. America's only proper military role in Cuba, surely, is to deter the Soviets from suppressing a popular revolution with their own 2,000-4,000 combat troops.

Who Pays the Fare?

It is still too early to tell whether Pan American really wants to reduce one-way transatlantic fares from $270 to $160, as it announced June 27. Coming only a few months after Pan Am went along with European demands for higher fares on the same route, the proposal has the look of a publicity device.

The test will come when the International Air Transport Association meets to discuss the proposal in September. IATA rules require that fare changes be accepted by all the 100-odd members, and while the Europeans have not yet taken a public stand on the issue, it is hard to see why they would approve a 40 percent reduction in fares only a few months after having created a diplomatic crisis by a five percent increase. Pan Am will probably be forced to choose between sticking with the present fares (or perhaps accepting token reductions), or else walking out of IATA and instigating a price war. A price war would, of course, also mean diplomatic war, with Washington, London and Paris threatening to seize one another's planes. Neither Pan Am nor the State Department has in the past shown as much enthusiasm as the Europeans for this kind of brinkmanship. Those who postpone their European vacations until next spring in the hope that the new fares will go into effect as proposed are, therefore, likely to be disappointed.

The real question behind this contretemps is whether airlines should be instruments of diplomacy or merely a means of transportation. If they are mainly for transportation, price cutting should be encouraged and the effect on small inefficient international airlines ignored. The small lines have long faced a dilemma: if they schedule a big jet from London to New York every day, for example, they can't fill it; if they cut back to every other day they lose passengers to the bigger lines, which offer more choice. Perhaps lower fares would increase volume substantially, filling empty seats. But even so the small lines would still have inefficient route structures requiring long layovers, and would still have to charge higher fares than Pan Am to stay solvent. If the object of international airline policy were simply to transport the maximum number of people for the minimum amount of money, these small foreign carriers would inevitably be pushed much further into the red.

The Europeans, however, don't think of an airline primarily as an economic form of transportation. They think of it as a device for showing the flag around the world (especially in the former colonies), for ensuring airlift capacity in time of war, and for attracting tourists to the homeland. Needless to say, an airline whose routes, frequency of flights, size of fleet and so forth are determined by diplomatic and military considerations is unlikely to be very efficient. It needs a subsidy, either from the passengers, the taxpayers, or both. Since most of the Europeans who fly are businessmen on expense accounts, and since on the transatlantic run half the passengers on European planes are Americans, European politicians naturally prefer soaking the traveler to soaking the taxpayer. Since European airlines are government owned, these politicians have the last word.

Nevertheless, there is a good case for a tough Administration stand against continuing high fares. If the Europeans cannot compete with Pan Am, they should subsidize their airlines directly instead of forcing US tourists and businessmen to do so. That, after all, is exactly what the US does to keep its merchant marine afloat. US shipping is as inefficient as European airlines. The US is just as reluctant to let its merchant fleet die as the Europeans are to abandon their airlines – and for the same political and military reasons. One

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way to keep the shippers going, no doubt, would be to order the various international "conferences" which set rates in and out of the US to peg these rates high enough for US firms to show a profit. If the Europeans didn't go along, we could follow the airline pattern and close our ports to rate busters. Exporters and importers would, however, raise hell if this were attempted. So instead Congress simply gives the shippers $200 million a year in operating subsidies and $120 million a year for new construction. If the Europeans want to run inefficient airlines, they ought to do it in this same above-board way. But it is unlikely that they will.

Students and Rebels

Food for Greenwood

I was surprised by the activity roaring around Local 28, the United Packinghouse Workers Center. Chicago friends of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee were loading food and clothing on a truck bound for Greenwood, Mississippi, where a voter registration drive is going on. Last-minute phone calls had not been promising; the SNCC undergraduate labor force was taking final exams. I was prepared for a long night of work.

Instead I found an army of Negro boys lined up from the basement, along the narrow stairway and into the trailer. They were the Rebels and Rebels Junior, a local gang contacted by an enterprising SNCC member.

I climbed into the trailer and joined one of the two lines passing boxes. They were clapping in rhythm as they worked, making a game of it, going as fast as they could. Whenever there was a break in the flow of boxes they shouted, "Keep them coming, keep them coming," as they danced or sparred with each other – all Listons, no Pattersons.

Some girls came to keep tally and tie up broken boxes. Instantly the Rebels had their shirts off and were edging to the door of the trailer where they could be better seen. A girl asked for a knife to cut twine. A rustle and click! click! click! – a forest of blades.

Those of us who remained in the hot, dark end of the trailer had to run to catch boxes flung at us, scooping up heavy ones that skidded along the floor and then running back to pile them up.

I turned to grab one box and got banged in the ribs with another. "Keep it moving, keep it moving, keep it moving," "heavy one, heavy one," (or if you wanted to show your strength, "light one, light one.").

The young kid working on my right was a serious one, but to the two older Rebels working to his right it was all a big joke. "Come on *man, move* it. We need *strong* men here. This no place for *weak*lings." The boy would push a box to me, turn around, wham! catch one in the chest, fumble it desperately, turn, wham – another in the shoulder.

"*Hand* the boxes," I shouted. "Hand them; someone's going to get hurt."

"Don't lose you cool, man."

"You hear the man. *Hand* them," the kid pleaded. Wham!

"You *mo*ther hands them."

"You ain't *got* no mother," the kid said as another box bounced off his head. He broke his back trying to keep up with them.

In half an hour I was prostrate, while the Rebels beat out rhythm, danced, boxed, posed and flung 50 pound boxes around. The young kid had left, but surprisingly the two older boys continued at top speed.

An SNCC member who had paused to wipe off his face with his arm said, "No matter how you slice it, work's work." But to the Rebels it wasn't: they transformed it. They threw themselves into it as if the entire fight for civil rights hinged on loading *this* truck. Their zeal would have been appropriate to something cataclysmic, millennial, like founding the Kingdom of Saints or winning the World Series.

One of the SNCC workers suggested a beer.

"Say man, now you're talking," a Rebel said.

The SNCC worker laughed. "I'm not contributing to the delinquency of a minor."

"Who you calling a minor, man?" the Rebel threatened. "I'm 21 and can prove it."

His buddies turned and examined the SNCC member with distaste.

Another SNCC member was explaining that the Teamsters had volunteered the truck and driver. Wasn't it dangerous to drive into Mississippi? No, the truck was unmarked and sealed. Mississippi officials could weigh it but not look inside.

A Rebel said, "They know better than tangle with the Teamsters."

The SNCC member said, "They don't mind defying the federal government, but when it comes to fighting the Teamsters, that's going too far."

"You putting me on, man?"

When these young field workers for SNCC come North they're invited to speak at the universities and the synagogues; they're entertained in the suburban homes of professionals in the civil rights movement; they're lionized by intellectuals and all those sweet young girls – by everyone except the Rebels, who side with Sonny Liston and the Teamsters.

Anyone who saw the Rebels at work saw more than

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a bunch of high-spirited teenagers in love with noise and motion. They were working on this job, so mundane and routine to the members of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, because they hoped it would lead to the final battle for which they have no words.

They know what doesn't interest them: voter registration in Mississippi or any other civil rights movement. After the job was finished we sat in little groups, smoking. A young man talked about his sit-in experience. "Oh they did a lot of shoving and pushing. And they squirted mustard and ketchup over us, stuff like that."

"I wouldn't let nobody do *me* that way," a Rebel said.

ROLAND WULBERT

FOREIGN REPORTS

ITALY: *At Odds and Ends*

★ The President found Rome distracted and uncommunicative, after the manner of Antonioni. The cops roughed up Theodore Sorenson and McGeorge Bundy, and that quite literally was all that happened.

Both the French and the Americans chose last week to descend on Italy to seek assurances from a government that does not yet exist. While it is widely assumed that the Christian Democrat, Giovanni Leone, will shortly round up support to win a vote of confidence, it is also known that these votes will be forthcoming on the grounds that the government last no longer than October, at which time the Socialist Party will meet, either to iron out its internal dilemmas or to collapse.

Italian politics is less and less a matter of division between parties, more and more concerned with internal party fractures, opened and embittered by personal feuding. This is particularly true of the Socialists. Mr. Nenni, their leader, had worked long and painstakingly with Aldo Moro, a Christian Democrat, to lay out social and economic plans which the left-center parties could endorse. But at the last moment, Nenni's program was brought down by Riccardo Lombardi, leader of a group of intellectuals within the Socialist Party who said the Nenni proposals lacked vitality. Lombardi probably would have aired his dissatisfaction earlier, were he not so interested in advancing his own personal ambitions. Nenni immediately submitted his resignation as party secretary; it was refused, and the Socialists now are left to dither until October. Then, Nenni will have to consolidate his power, or the party will split into a hopeless mess. Meanwhile, Italy will hobble through the summer with a caretaker government, and the "opening on the left" in abeyance.

CANADA: *Getting It Back from the Foreigners*

★ It was a fairly sure bet that Mr. Pearson's government would survive the vote of confidence on its finance policies, if only because Canadian politicians do not have the cash to finance another general election. But despite his 40-vote victory the Prime Minister's much ballyhooed "60 Days of Decision" ended on a sour note, and his government emerged looking like a group of bungling amateurs.

At the center of the bungle is Walter Gordon, the finance minister, monetary wizard and chief architect of Liberal victory at the polls. When the budget was first presented June 13, Gordon was widely acclaimed for his proposals to "repatriate Canadian industry." Foreign interests control 59 percent of the manufacturing industry, 75 percent of oil and natural gas and 61 percent of mining. These figures send Canadians up the walls in fits of national emotion; the fact that Canada has insufficient capital to finance rapid expansion is either not realized or conveniently ignored. Mr. Gordon first ran into trouble when the press discovered he had used the services of members of leading Canadian brokerage houses to prepare the budget. But the real storm broke on a delayed reaction to the budget's specific proposals. One provision would have imposed a 30 percent tax on sales to a "foreigner" of Canadian shares in excess of $50,000. "This kind of tax," Mr. Gordon said, "would have stopped in their tracks most of the takeovers of recent years." Such changes in ownership, he claimed, "rarely confer any benefits on the Canadian economy. Another provision of the "Face the Facts" budget puts stiff taxes on foreign (*i.e.* US) companies unless they permit at least 25 percent Canadian participation.

The results were dramatic. First, Eric W. Kierans, the highly-respected president of the Montreal Stock Exchange, stuck the knife into the government he had helped elect. "The tax is utter and complete nonsense," he said. "It is unconstitutional and an axe to murder the record of trust and confidence between Canada and other Western countries." The industrial stock index took a nose-dive unequalled since the Cuban crisis of last year. Canadian investors became panicky; US investment capital into Canada slowed; some US financial houses reportedly postponed underwriting Canadian borrowings; in what amounted to a broker's "strike," neither bids nor offerings on Canadian stocks were available from New York brokerage houses.

In the ensuing bedlam, even Bay Street (the Toronto

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financial district and Gordon's home ground) turned against the government. Battered by mounting opposition, Gordon withdrew the 30 percent takeover tax. But he still insisted that "steps must be taken to check the absentee control of the Canadian economy if we are to remain master of our own destiny." Pressure is strong to get rid of Gordon, and he is unlikely to remain in his present job much longer.

BRITISH GUIANA: *With Love from London*

★ Even when the general strike which has paralyzed British Guiana for 10 weeks ends the battle between Prime Minister Cheddi Jagan and the trade unions will continue in an atmosphere of acrimony. The politics of this dismal country, located on the northeastern edge of South America not far from Cuba, have disintegrated into a virtual race war between East Indians and Negroes. The Indians, who make up the majority of the British Crown colony's 600,000 inhabitants, work the outlying sugar plantations and are represented through Jagan's People's Progressive Party. The Negroes are largely urban and they are led by Forbes Burnham through the People's National Congress. Because of the nature of their jobs, the Negroes dominate the powerful Trade Unions Council. Jagan wants to change this by forcing a bill through parliament which would give him the authority to recognize whichever unions he desires. This was the bill which precipitated the general strike and rioting.

There is little good to be said of anyone in this place. Jagan was elected in 1961 on a campaign pledged to gain independence. In this he has failed, largely because he insisted that elections not be held until after independence; Burnham argued for elections before independence. Who ever got his way would win. The British, unable to decide what to do, staved off independence. Washington has been falling all over itself trying to get ride of Jagan because he is a friend of Castro. (There was considerable wisdom in Harold Wilson's suggestion to members of the State Department earlier this year that if the CIA would stop supporting Burnham, matters might improve.

The real villain of the drama, if it can be called that, is Jagan's wife, Janet. She is a Communist, secretary general of the People's Progressive Party, newly-appointed head of the police, and the ruler of her husband's mind, or so it is said. Together the Jagans have gone about consolidating their power, and have created all the conditions for a full-scale civil war. As much as they may dislike the British, they have given them no other choice but to stay on.

Washington has been pressing recently for Macmillan to take a firmer hold on the country. One or two slight lurches from London have followed. At the same time, the lower and middle classes of the urban centers are delighted with the success of the general strike, and the Jagans will have to do some smart maneuvering to stay in power after parliament resumes in two weeks.

GAMBIA: *A Bride for Senegal?*

★ Gambia, with 320,000 population, is the size of Connecticut. It is Britain's remaining West African colony. To get rid of the territory, composed of a river valley and peanut farms, London has been trying to marry off Gambia to Senegal, which geographically embraces it – and, with 3,250,000 people and generous French subsidies, looks a good match. There are tribal links, and both the potential bride and groom are good Moslems.

Britain's enthusiasm for giving Gambia to Senegal has been cautiously matched by Senegal and France, who are prepared to pay the dowry – that is, take over the $4 million current annual budget subsidy Gambia gets from Britain.

Gambia's leaders, however, have always been much less keen on the wedding. Fusion would make them a linguistic oddity, speaking the wrong language, practicing the wrong sort of law, running their administrative system, schools, police, etc., in a way that sooner or later would be unacceptable to Dakar.

Britain announced last year that if "suitable arrangements" could be reached with Senegal, Gambia would get independence, the inference being that Gambia was not viable alone. Tripartite negotiations between Britain, Gambia and Senegal took place, and now Gambia has been promised independence in December. Actually, Gambia means to go it alone, conscious that an independent state gets aid from all sorts of sources, where as part of Senegal Gambia could only expect about 10 percent of that country's recently slashed development budget. Meanwhile, a UN Commission requested by both countries will report on what links the two states could usefully have. A bi-sovereign, bi-currency union similar to Benelux is one possibility.

Still quaintly colonial, Gambia has been the graveyard of numerous schemes for economic betterment. Britain's postwar Labour government put $2 million into an Egg Scheme: all the hens died. Experimental tuna fishing proved phenomenally successful, but as Gambians hate fishing, fleets from Japan, Russia, Ireland, Spain and Britanny have profited instead. Mining schemes have come and gone with the vagaries of world commodity prices. Currently the talk is of teaching the indigenes cattle-ranching and getting them to grow strawberries in January for the London and Paris restaurant market. But the Gambians would rather stick to peanuts.

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"WEST GERMAN REVANCHISME ON THE MARCH"

Poland–Part II

Warsaw

Poland has always been a country of readers, yet books are fewer here and editions smaller today than in most other East European countries. Daily papers are often only four pages, and the eight or 12-page illustrateds are mere shadows of their former selves. This does not mean that the Poles have suddenly lost interest in the written word; there is simply not enough paper and no prospect of there being more soon.

The paper shortage has aroused protests among the intelligentsia, not only because they say the crisis was avoidable, but also because the authorities are using the shortage as a pretext for tightening up literary censorship. Authors and scientific writers have been informed that in future only the best and most important books will be able to be published, and then only in relatively small editions. Two of the most reputable literary magazines are to be amalgamated, which will be one way of ensuring that a prominent representative of the "conservative" faction is appointed editor-in-chief. Similar examples, which have occurred quite frequently, combine to increase the apprehensions of intellectuals, who believe that decisions as to which books are good and worthy of sponsorship will rest with those who regard the Polish intelligentsia with suspicion or hostility and hold that any stifling of cultural activity can only be for the good.

Party and government spokesmen disarmingly repudiate such accusations. Poland is not East Germany, they say, and the fact that Khrushchev has declared war on modern art does not mean that *we* are going to ban abstract painting and jazz tomorrow; that is *our* business. And yet, though the senior Party functionary may in all sincerity stress Poland's independence, the middle- or lower-ranking functionary tells himself that the only thing to do under such circumstances is to turn the screw – or at least exercise the utmost discretion. Museums will buy no more unorthodox painting and sculpture, poets will not attend readings abroad.

To the observer familiar with conditions in Russia the nervousness of Polish intellectuals may appear exaggerated, but it seems less so when one reflects that the great hopes cherished by so many in October, 1956, have not been fulfilled. It is immaterial to the Poles that they are infinitely better off than their unfortunate colleagues in East Berlin. All they can see is that their freedom has been progressively restricted during the past seven years. This attitude emerged clearly at the celebrations held to mark the 20th anniversary of the uprising in the Warsaw ghetto. The holding of such a ceremony in the presence of foreign delegations showed a certain daring, since Moscow's attitude toward attempts to stir up the "unconquered past" is one of unmitigated irritation. The Warsaw authorities therefore devised a compromise under the terms of which a certain number of foreign delegates were granted entry visas while others, including members of Polish friendship societies abroad, were refused admittance. At the ceremonies themselves stress was repeatedly laid on the close collaboration between the ghetto insurgents and Polish partisan groups. It was also claimed that the insurrection was largely led by Communists. Neither assertion could be further from the truth. The Communists were involved in the rising, like all the organized groups inside the ghetto, but did not direct it. Communist military organization was so exiguous at the time that it could never have lent the rebels any effective assistance, even if it had concentrated all its efforts on a single objective.

A documentary film entitled *Requiem for 500,000* was scheduled to be shown on this occasion, but the performance had to be postponed, even though it had already been announced in the daily press, because the censor had taken exception to the film's historical treatment. As far as its organizers were concerned, the ghetto ceremony became less a tribute to the victims of the revolt in the Warsaw ghetto (and the millions of other victims of Nazism in Poland) than a demonstration against the Federal Republic and "West German *revanchistes*."

Here we come to the major ingredient in current Polish thought – Germanophobia. On this point there is unanimity between Catholics and Communists, "liberals" and "conservatives" within the Communist Party, however violently they may be opposed on other matters. It would be surprising, after the events of 1939-1945, if the Poles' attitude were anything but one of mistrust and hatred. Even their so-called friends from the German Democratic Republic are welcomed grudgingly, though no one would say so to their face. The Polish press and Polish literature concentrate more on Germany than on any other country. Every anti-Polish article in the *Posener Stimmen*, the *Pommersche Zeitung* or other obscure little German publications is reprinted at least in part, and whenever a few elderly

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neo-Nazis foregather in a small *Niedersachsen* town and pass a resolution in the old spirit, one can be sure that their meeting will be reported in the Polish press, probably on the front page and surmounted by a fat headline like "West German Revanchisme on the March." This is not to deny the existence of reactionary trends in the Bonn Republic, but the Poles often exaggerate these incidents while ignoring some of the more positive developments. If there is such a thing as a Polish ideology, by far its most important constituent is a Germanophobia in which a leading role is played by the Oder-Neisse Line and by the former German territories in the East.

WALTER Z. LAQUEUR

THE BA'ATH WILL NOT YIELD TO NASSERISM

Arab Unity Evaporating

Beirut

Short of a miracle, or of the sudden overthrow of one or other ruling group, the proposed federation of Syria, Iraq and Egypt proclaimed with such gusto less than three months ago must soon be shelved.

Relations between President Nasser and the Ba'ath Party – now ruling Iraq and Syria – have in the past few weeks become so envenomed that any working relationship seems for the moment inconceivable. There is no mystery about the nature of the quarrel; it is about who is to give the orders. President Nasser and his Egyptian publicists have made it absolutely clear that they are not prepared to enter into a partnership of equals with the Ba'ath Party. If there is to be a union, Cairo must be its center.

The argument is that Nasser is without question the outstanding personality of the Arab world. He has ruled Egypt for a decade; he has successfully defied the Great Powers and won their respect and assistance; he has secured, virtually single-handed, the freedom of the area from Western military pacts and political control. He is a fact of Arab life: there can be no settlement to which he is not a party. Leadership is owed him.

The Ba'ath does not dispute Nasser's personal gifts. Its quarrel is with his regime; it dislikes one-man rule. In a phrase widely attributed to the Ba'ath founder, Michael Aflaq, Nasserism is not a suitable system of government outside Egypt.

The Ba'ath would be happy to see Nasser as titular head of a tripartite federation so long as effective power in Damascus and Baghdad remained in its hands. The party has, in fact, made it clear that, in Arab Asia at least, it intends playing a preponderant role – a role it has now secured by rights of conquest.

This is the main difference from 1958 when, on Nasser's insistence, the party agreed to dissolve itself although it was the chief architect of the Syrian-Egyptian union which was then created. It intends making no such mistake again. It believes that in any proposed union it is the revolutionary vanguard.

What has emerged very clearly is the importance both sides place on the control of Syria. This is simply because Syria has long played a central and decisive role in the inter-Arab power struggle. An alliance of Egypt and Syria can isolate Iraq – as happened from 1955 to 1961 – while conversely Iraq and Syria together can contain Egypt on the Nile – as is now happening. It has therefore become the fundamental aim of Egyptian policy to overthrow the Ba'ath regime in Damascus or to force it to give ground to President Nasser's supporters.

It need hardly be said that faced with this overt threat, the Ba'ath is wasting no time in getting its hands on the levers of power throughout the country. This involves purges of the civil service, of the army, of local administration and the replacement of suspects and men of uncertain loyalty by party stalwarts. Much the same process is taking place in Iraq – only more so. In both countries, the Ba'ath has made itself strong, but at the cost of its popularity, never very great.

Another consideration which must be spelled out if the Arab scene is to be clarified is that the Ba'ath government in Iraq is by no means ready to enter into a union of any sort. It is a minority government which seized power by force, which faces complex and hazardous internal tasks and which must rule faced by large ethnic and religious groups – such as Kurds and Shias – to whom an Arab union is anathema. In view of Iraq's evident unpreparedness, Cairo pressed as a first step for a restoration of the bipartite Syrian-Egyptian union, knowing that this would split the Ba'ath in

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Syria from their comrades in Iraq and allow them to be brought down singly. The Ba'ath has not unnaturally rejected this proposal, declaring that it is to be a tripartite union or nothing at all.

This then is the state of play: two rival champions of Arab unity, two rival orthodoxies, at loggerheads with each other, much like China and Russia, if on a lesser scale. The comparison may be taken a step further in that just as Russia and China are fighting for the loyalties of the other Communist parties so President Nasser and the Ba'ath are competing for the allegiance of Arab nationalists in countries as diverse as Kuwait and Jordan, Aden and Qatar, Saudi Arabia and Libya. The quarrel is reflected in the perplexity and divided loyalties of nationalist Arab youth in every Arab city.

To complete the picture, each of the chief protagonists in this Arab cold war has a hot war on his hands: Nasser's war against the royalists in Yemen and the Ba'ath's war against the Kurds in northern Iraq. In both cases conventional forces are engaged in hostile mountain country against a determined and highly skilled tribal enemy.

The Yemen war has now dragged on for nine months with heavy loss of life on the Egyptian side and severe hardship to tens of thousands of Yemenis driven from villages and farms by intensive bombing. What has been achieved? The Republic of Yemen is no more secure than it was at the outset. If Egyptian forces were withdrawn most independent observers agree that the Republic's leader, Marshal Sallal, would be overthrown within a week. The traditional beliefs and forms of social and political organization of an ancient people, sheltered for centuries from the world, cannot be changed overnight – least of all by force.

In the meantime, battle positions are much where they were six months ago, with the same names of villages, lost and then recaptured, recurring in the communiques as in the shifting fortunes of the Algerian war. On the rare tracks and in the southern towns, Egyptian tanks and armoured vehicles are supreme; off the tracks the royalists reign. Whenever they wish, the Egyptians can force their way down a track and occupy a town such as Marib for a special occasion such as a visit by Ralph Bunche. But this only exposes their flanks and creates difficult air supply problems. Eventually the track is cut, the helicopter fails to get through and the town falls.

In the meantime, what can the tiny 200-strong UN force with no clear terms of reference, hope to do? The royalists are by now so well armed and so full of hate for the Egyptians that they are an autonomous force, independent of their Saudi backers. The weakness of the various US and UN attempts at mediation over the past few months is that the royalists were not a party to them. In any peaceable attempt at a settlement they must be dealt with directly.

President Nasser's original interest in Yemen was as a base for operations against Saudi Arabia and the rich Gulf sheikhdoms. This was the big prize of a swift and successful campaign. But this long-term objective has been lost sight of in the Yemen mountains. Meanwhile, his commitment to Yemen in men and materials has been such that an admission of failure would be out of the question. It is not just a question of President Nasser's personal prestige but of what the Egyptian public will stomach. The war has involved considerable sacrifice. If this most ambitious of all Nasser's adventures were seen to fail, the public revulsion against Nasser's Arab policy might drive the regime to isolationism.

The Kurdish war could be equally dangerous for the Ba'ath leaders in Baghdad. They were driven to wage it for several reasons. First, because of a young and confident government they could not tolerate a continuing state of insurrection in the north. Second, because as militant Arab nationalists they could not conceive ceding a part of what they consider the Arab homeland to another national group: this would amount to creating "another Israel." Third, because granting the Kurds any sort of autonomy, however limited, would risk losing control over the rich oil areas of northern Iraq. Fourth, because Kurdish self-government might allow the Communists to create a base for counter-attack against the central government, seeking vengeance for the violence they suffered at Ba'ath hands since the February revolution.

Whatever the merits of these arguments, it is doubtful whether the Iraq government can totally crush the Kurds. The campaign is more likely to end in a stalemate: such is the nature of the terrain. Tensions may be expected to result in relations between the army and the Ba'ath leaders which may eventually endanger the latter's position. By weakening the Ba'ath and distracting its attention at a critical moment, the war must thus be considered another nail in the coffin of Arab union.

PATRICK SEALE

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months,
The New Republic will not appear on:

July 27 *August 10*
August 24 *September 7*

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated September 14

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New Light on Sacco and Vanzetti

by Ben H. Bagdikian

It is a symptom of the unrest over the Sacco-Vanzetti Case that 35 years after the two principals were electrocuted in Massachusetts a new book can reignite old passions. The latest eruption came from Francis Russell's book, *Tragedy in Dedham*, a highly-literate account of the case with, I think, an implausible conclusion. Russell believes Sacco was guilty and Vanzetti innocent but with knowledge of Sacco's involvement. One of the old flames aroused was Michael Musmanno, who in his review of the book (*The New Republic*, March 2) reported that many persons quoted by Russell now claim to have been misquoted.

I have a small flame of my own. I was not quoted accurately in Russell's book, particularly as to my personal feeling about the "Morelli Theory," a theory which still strikes me as far more reasonable than the Sacco-Vanzetti conviction. I also have serious demurrers about interpretations and conclusions in the Russell book. But the book made more intelligible to me a curious item in this history which I have had in my possession for some years.

The item is one of the standard books in the literature of the case, a comprehensive review of the testimony, appeals, arguments, affidavits and other substance, *The Sacco-Vanzetti Case*, edited by Osmond K. Fraenkel (Knopf, 1931).

My particular copy is a faded brown, its binding frayed, back broken, many pages loose, and was once owned by the man some have accused of committing the crime for which Sacco and Vanzetti were executed. Written in a firm hand on the flyleaf is, "Joseph Morelli, Nov. 10, 1933," a date when Morelli was in Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary in Pennsylvania. The margins are filled with Morelli's pencilled notations and comments on events in the case, along with notes by at least two other persons. Morelli's handwriting is confirmed by letters of his in my possession.

These comments on the evidence by a man who may have held the key to a great legal controversy are tantalizing and they explain some of the questions in the current argument and cast doubt on some of Russell's conclusions.

The crime, it will be recalled, was the killing of a paymaster and his guard at 2:55 p.m. of April 15, 1920, in front of a shoe factory in South Braintree, Massachusetts, south of Boston. A party of five men was observed in the shooting, seizing of two metal payboxes containing $15,776.51, and escaping in a big car. Twenty days later, police, checking on Italian anarchists the Department of Justice wanted to deport, missed for the moment the two anarchists they had their eye on but arrested another pair who happened to be with them earlier that night. These last two were Nicola Sacco, a shoe worker, and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, a fish peddler. Subsequently, Sacco and Vanzetti were charged with the murders, found guilty by a jury, and after seven years in and out of the courts, died in the electric chair of Charlestown Prison in Boston.

Doubts about the guilt of the two men arose from the questionable integrity of much of the evidence, from the prejudiced and injudicious attitude of the trial judge, the hysteria at the time against foreigners and radicals (foreigners collected for deportation were marched down Boston streets in chains), the sworn reversal of much key testimony in the trial, and the failure of the conviction to explain crucial elements in the crime: a motivation, a connection between the ruthless professionalism of the murders and the characters of the two men as they emerged in the seven years of imprisonment, and any accounting for the money and the other members of the murder party which remain officially unexplained to this day.

In the 1920's, while the two men awaited execution, a young lawyer in the defense, Herbert B. Ehrmann, found remarkable signs, including some police opinion, pointing to a more likely set of participants in the crime: the Morelli Gang of Providence, Rhode Island. What he found is described in his book, *The Untried Case: The Sacco-Vanzetti Case and the Morelli Gang*.

The tumult of the case was only a vague event in my Massachusetts childhood and it was not until I had become a reporter in Providence after World War II that I became interested. One Saturday afternoon after the war, while having a cup of tea in Dana's Old Corner Book Store I came across what is still the most evocative book in the case, *The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti*. In the Appendix, on page 351, I read for the first time about the group in Providence.

The key person in the collective enterprise known as The Morelli Gang was Joseph C. Morelli, by the late

BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, *reporter and correspondent for the* Providence Journal *for 15 years, now writes articles for numerous magazines.*

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1940's a corroded old man. Over the years he had been accused and often convicted of robbery, murder, counterfeiting, dope peddling, living off prostitution, rumrunning – each time with such craven treachery that he was shunned by most other criminals. Once accused of robbery, he said his brothers were guilty; indicted for counterfeiting, he said his son should take the rap.

In the late 1940's, Joe was first in federal prison, released, and then two days later put in a Rhode Island state prison for charges involving prostitution. I was not hopeful of getting candid talk from him while he was in prison (though a more engaging prisoner had once told me which of the visitors' booths had its hidden microphone disconnected). In the meantime I concentrated on what the record would tell of the crucial question: where was Joseph Morelli on April 15, 1920, the day of the murders in front of the Slater & Morrill and Rice & Hutchins shoe factories in South Braintree?

In October, 1919, Joe and his brothers had been arrested for robbing freight cars in the Providence yards of the New Haven Railroad. Five of the eight indictments were for stealing shoes from freight cars originating at the Slater & Morrill and Rice & Hutchins factories where, police testified, Morelli had spotted freight car loadings and serial numbers. South Braintree is 30 miles from Providence.

Where Was Joe Morelli?

In July, 1920, Joseph, Fred, Frank and Pasquale Morelli plus two non-family members of the gang were sentenced to federal prison terms, Joe for 12 years. After six years Joe was paroled, following his brothers who had received shorter sentences. By 1926 the furor over Sacco and Vanzetti was reaching a climax. The Morelli Theory was by now fiercely argued and understandably was a matter of some concern to the Morellis and to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Both wanted to disprove the Morelli Theory, the Morellis to save their necks, Massachusetts to make its conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti stick and to protect the reputation of its courts. On the whereabouts of Joe Morelli on April 15, 1920, the record shows this:

1. Brothers Fred, Frank and Pasquale swore to a representative of the Attorney General of Massachusetts that Joe and they had been in Providence County Jail on April 15 awaiting trial on the shoe thefts. They also swore they had never been in South Braintree and didn't even know where it was (although they had all just served time for stealing shoes from South Braintree). They even produced an official record from the Rhode Island prison office showing them to be in jail on April 15. A short time later it became known that the prison record was a typing error and that the Morellis had been at liberty on the 15th, trying to raise defense money for their trial.

2. The typing error brought a detective from the Massachusetts State Police to reinterview the Morellis on Joe's whereabouts on April 15 and this time Joseph personally swore that on that day he was in Providence. "I went from my home to my lawyer's office, then to Jones' Restaurant, hang around and then drive home; that's my recollection of it," he said in an affidavit.

3. Joe's brother, Pasquale, gave Massachusetts another affidavit saying that during mid-April he saw Joe in Providence "almost hourly during every day."

4. But in 1924 a man named Emil Moller swore in an affidavit that while he had been in the Atlanta Penitentiary with Joseph Morelli in the early 1920's, Joe had arranged with him and two other prisoners named Silva and Luban to say if they were ever asked that on April 15, 1920, they had played poker with Joe all day in the American Lodging House on 46th Street in New York City.

5. Yet Joseph's sworn testimony in the shoe theft case was that during that April period and the year before they were outside of Providence, usually up all night gambling (and therefore not stealing from freight cars).

6. Joseph's housekeeper gave Massachusetts an affidavit saying Joseph was home in Providence all during April, concluding, "I further depose and say that I was in a position to know."

I had a feeling that Joseph Morelli's whereabouts on April 15 was still an open question.

In 1949, in Boston, I interviewed Ehrmann on any latter-day, post-execution developments in the case. He said that in the 1930's Morris Ernst had dickered with Morelli for Morelli's autobiography, which presumably confessed to the crime. In the process, Ernst asked Morelli many detailed questions about the crime and Morelli knew all the answers in great precision. Ernst confirmed this and told me that Morelli claimed to have thrown the money boxes, never recovered, into what sounded like "Canapa Pond." I searched geodetic survey maps of the area around the escape route of the car in Southeastern Massachusetts and found no body of water remotely like "Canapa." Later, on a 1939 topographic map of Rhode Island I discovered one marked, "Upper Canada Pond." It was on the Providence-North Providence city line, about 1,000 yards from where the Morellis used to rob freight cars.

At this point Joe Morelli, feeble and dying, was released from jail. I approached Louis V. Jackvony Sr., a former Republican attorney general of Rhode Island, onetime lawyer for the Morellis who had grown up in the same neighborhood. He agreed to ask Morelli if he would talk to me about the Sacco-Vanzetti Case. Joe said no. I urged Jackvony to try again and this time

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Joe said: "All right. Tell him to come. I'll tell him the whole story."

Morelli was weak and lapsed often into slumber. A relative in his house was instructed to call the lawyer whenever the old man was ready to talk. For one week I stayed within seconds of a telephone. At 2:30 p.m. on the afternoon of August 25, 1950, Jackvony called my office: "I just got a call from Joe's house. He wants to talk."

"He's in a Coma"

We drove quickly through downtown Providence, toward the dreary mill city of Pawtucket. As we crossed a bridge over the New Haven Railroad marshaling yards the lawyer nodded downward. "That's where the Morelli kids grew up – in the freight yards."

We turned into a dusty, nondescript cluster of cottages and stopped in front of 70 Toledo Avenue. It was a spiritless scene, hot, still, motionless dust on everything, the only sound the thin beat of cicadas.

Jackvony went inside, saying he would motion for me from the porch if Joe was ready to talk about The Case. Moments later I noticed a large, yellow convertible draw up quietly in the rear, its driver indiscernible. Joe's younger brother, still powerful in the old trade, drove such a car.

One of several times I looked at my watch it read 2:55, the moment of the murders in South Braintree thirty years before. At 3:15 the lawyer came out of the house and got behind the wheel and just sat there.

"He's in a coma. He doesn't know what's going on."

I looked behind us. The large yellow car was gone.

We sat silently for a moment, then Jackvony said:

"He was lying there as though he were asleep. He was breathing deeply, making a rattling noise like a snore, but more down in the throat. I was at the foot of the bed and tapped him on the knee and said, 'Joe!' He didn't move. I went to the head of the bed and said, 'Joe!' again. Nothing. Then I leaned down with my mouth next to his ear and yelled, 'Sacco-Vanzetti! Sacco-Vanzetti!' Nothing."

We drove away.

Joe Morelli had once said, "I've always said I'd die in jail." As usual, he was wrong, but only literally. At 9:30 the next night, cut off from sight, sound and the ability to communicate to the outside world, he died of what his death certificate described as heart failure complicated by cancer. His family said he never regained consciousness after the time we parked outside his house.

There remained the elusive manuscript of Joe's criminal life, possibly with the solution to the Sacco-Vanzetti Case. During the 1930's it had been his bait to the respectable world and to publishers' money. Morelli wrote to Morris Ernst in 1938:

"My manuscript contains 574 pages. Now if you are interested to put my story on the market I'm sure the book would sell like hot cakes. . . . If you were to read the history of my life your hair would stand straight up under your hat."

The negotiations fell through in a charade of Morelli's pride of authorship, his shifting demands for huge sums of money and his refusal to make a convincing show of what he had to say before payment was made.

Russell in *Tragedy in Dedham* says he has seen the manuscript, after negotiating with Morelli's granddaughter. The granddaughter told him she had rewritten parts of it. In his book, Russell says:

"According to the manuscript the five men in the South Braintree murder car were Sacco, Vanzetti, Coacci, Boda, and Orciani. Coacci was the driver. Joe had known all five for several years, and in fact they had been with him in a Pawtucket holdup in 1918, one never solved by the police. He himself had planned to pull off the South Braintree job with them. Any number of times he had driven over the route to plan the getaway. He was familiar with South Braintree because, with the help of Coacci, who was working in one of the factories, he had occasionally stolen truckloads of shoes from there. Berardelli, the guard, was another of his confederates.

"Joe's explanation of the actual holdup was that the others had double-crossed him. He had set the job for April 22. They pulled it themselves a week earlier to cut him out, and they killed Berardelli because he recognized them. . . . Such, in its truth or untruth, was the confession of Joe Morelli."

Russell rests his conclusion in the case partly on this manuscript, saying, "To dismiss it completely is to leave a number of intruding questions unanswered. How did it happen that Joe was so familiar with the names Coacci, Boda, and Orciani – all mentioned only casually in the trial record?"

The three other men supposedly in the murder party, were, first, Ferruccio Coacci, one of the radicals the federal government wanted to deport and who, a day or two after the South Braintree crime, surrendered for deportation. When attention was directed toward Sacco and Vanzetti, Coacci's trunk, on its way to Italy, was intercepted and searched in the hope it would contain some of the payroll loot or incriminating evidence. There was none.

The second man was Mike Boda, who lived with Coacci. He, too, was wanted for deportation and after a long interview with the local chief of police he was released and later appeared in Italy. The Sacco-Vanzetti defense offered to bring him back for examination but the prosecution did not take up the offer.

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The third man, Ricardo Orciani, was riding on a motorcycle with Boda the night of May 5, to pick up an old car Boda operated. They had arranged to meet Sacco and Vanzetti at the repair garage where all, according to Sacco and Vanzetti, would use the car to collect radical literature and hide it from the growing crack-down by federal agents against foreign agitators. The local police, by then interested in Boda's car, rushed to pick up the owner, but Boda and Orciani, learning that the car couldn't be driven, left by motorcycle. Sacco and Vanzetti left by streetcar on which, shortly afterward, they were arrested. Orciani was arrested the next day. He was found to have worked in a shop, been seen by his boss and registered by time clock, the day of the crime, April 15, and was released by the police.

"Orciani Lucky Boy to Get Away"

It would seem to me that the Morelli manuscript is almost worthless as evidence of the involvement of Sacco, Vanzetti, Coacci, Boda, and Orciani, for these reasons:

1. It is an almost literal use of the original police and prosecution version of the crime, as recorded in the Fraenkel record of the trial which Joe owned. Even the trial judge, not disposed toward the defendants, told the prosecution to stop hinting at the inclusion of Coacci, Boda and Orciani because there was no evidence to support it. After the preliminary arguments in the 1920 trial, this thesis was never again seriously proposed by the state.

2. Russell acknowledges that Morelli had available to him the Fraenkel book but minimizes its importance saying, "the later parts of Joe's autobiography were written after he had lost contact with Ernst." I believe Russell learned of Morelli's possession of the Fraenkel book from a newspaper account I wrote ten years ago, but he may not appreciate that this Fraenkel book apparently had been Joe's literary guide for a long time. He signed it "1933" which would place it in his hands while in prison, 1933-1936. On page 200 his marginal note reads, next to a textual reference to Bent, "Silas Bent after me to write story." Bent and Morelli were corresponding in 1937. That the manuscript Joe was dangling in the 1930's while taking his material from the trial record is substantially the same one seen by Russell is indicated by Russell's referring to it as a 574-page document. In 1938 Morelli wrote to Ernst, "My manuscript contains 574 pages."

Russell's implication that Morelli knew Coacci, Boda and Orciani because they had committed crimes together does not make much sense. (There is no record of the alleged 1918 unsolved Pawtucket holdup.) Nor the assertion that they are "all mentioned only casually in the trial record." In the Fraenkel book there are 42 different page references to Boda, 19 to Coacci, and 31 to Orciani.

Morelli paid elaborate attention to all of these references. In the margins of the book, among his hundreds of pencilled notes, he has written the names of these three men many times: Boda at least 30; Orciani, 16; Coacci, 15.

Morelli's interest in them was natural since they were for him a far more pleasant alternative to the Morelli Theory. That he followed this quite mechanically from the text most of the time is apparent even from his spelling. At times in the printed text the name is spelled "Orcciani" with two "c's" and at others correctly with one. Wherever the text has two "c's" Morelli's handwritten comment uses two "c's," wherever one, Morelli writes one.

Occasionally Morelli makes an impulsive comment. "Coacci was a luky [sic] fellow that he did not burn." Or, "Orciani lucky boy to get away." Orciani, of course, was the one man the prosecution was sure was not in the murder party.

The Joseph Morelli assertion that Sacco, Vanzetti, Coacci, Boda, and Orciani committed the crime thus appears to be transplanted from his meticulous study of the Fraenkel case history. It is interesting that Morelli, boastful and treacherous, takes credit for masterminding the idea of the crime – after it was safe to say so -- but absolves himself of any physical participation.

His marginal notes in the record of the case are teasing, including a number of erasures. There are at least three and probably four different sets of handwriting in the book. One set is in red pencil, terse and professional: "See Deportation of Coacci," or "Entire section pertinent."

There is another by a person more educated and articulate than Morelli but equally hostile to Sacco and Vanzetti: "Why should honest workmen need guns?" and beside a reference to Vanzetti, "rabid radical to the exclusion of everything else."

A third hand makes cross-references in the margins about affidavits in the appeal that showed tampering with evidence or pre-trial prejudice in the jury.

But the majority of notes, a few hundred interspersed among the book's 550 pages, are Morelli's. At a number of points he writes, "read this to me," or "something rong [sic] here, read this to me."

Only occasionally does he state his own innocence. In a section devoted to the confession to the South Braintree crime by a young epileptic, Celestino Medeiros, already under a death sentence, implicating Morelli, Joe has written, "He was no more micks up in that crime than I was, the skunk that he is." Yet Morelli in his autobiography says he planned and rehearsed the crime. If Morelli were capable of literary subtlety one

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might see significance in "no more micks up in that crime than I was."

Much of Medeiros' confession was provocative. For example, he described how the South Braintree getaway car in which he and Morelli were supposed to be, got lost at a crossroads and they yelled to a woman in a nearby house to ask which road led to Providence. Such a crossroads was actually found and a housewife described for authorities precisely this incident, which did not appear anywhere in the trial. In the Fraenkel book where this is recounted there is a handwritten note: "Joe, this is very important to you, check it up."

There seems little doubt, then, that Joseph Morelli had a much-studied text for his "autobiography," for his denials of complicity in the South Braintree crime, and, possibly, for his hints to publishers that he was involved. This could explain many of the answers he was able to give Morris Ernst in the 1930's about the crime. But some of the Ernst questions and the Morelli answers do not appear in the Fraenkel book. "Canada Pond" is nowhere mentioned and this, so far as I know, was the only time anyone claimed to know at first-hand what happened to the money boxes. Joe could have lied about this, too, an inspiration of the moment.

In the absence of more objective evidence, it seems to me that the Morelli "autobiography" and his implication of Sacco, Vanzetti, and the three other men means nothing one way or the other. The Morelli Theory still seems closer to the evidence than the Sacco-Vanzetti theory and certainly more than Russell's Sacco-sans-Vanzetti.

In the front of the Fraenkel book is a chronology of the case. Under 1927 there is this entry: "August 23rd, Sacco and Vanzetti and Medeiros executed." At this point on the otherwise orderly page of print, someone – I have a guess who – has placed a pencilled "X." The "X" has an air of finality, but it was not final. It is 1963 and the chronology continues.

How To Liberate Cuba

Ernesto F. Betancourt Replies to Roger Fisher

In his article "Slicing Up the Cuban Problem" (*NR*, June 15) Roger Fisher argues for a live-and-let-live policy with Castro. Behind this argument lies his assumption that "if a plebiscite were held today Castro would win." I doubt this. I am convinced that the majority of the Cuban people is disaffected from the present regime. Perhaps that is why no plebiscite has ever been held. In this article I want to outline a policy based on this assumption – a policy which has in common with Mr. Fisher's only a mutual commitment to avoid nuclear war.

In theory, those in Cuba today who oppose Castro can consider four alternatives: to adapt, to leave, to wait for the Marines or to rebel.

Adaptation is barred by the nature of the regime, which does not allow a man to live his own life. Besides, the total incompetence of the Communist leadership, the loss of the traditional export markets, and the uncooperative attitude of the workers have wrecked the Cuban economy. The resulting inconveniences in transportation, shortages of consumer goods, medicines, and recently even water and electric power, are all constant irritants that discourage adaptation. In coming months the government plans to introduce new work norms in a futile attempt to improve the productivity of the labor force. Such norms have in the past sparked riots elsewhere in the Communist bloc, and they are likely to make adaptation more difficult in Cuba too.

Leaving the country is more difficult every day. A small trickle flows through Mexico and Spain, or crosses in small boats to Florida. As a result, it is true that 1,000 openings in a ransom goods ship neutralize 10,000 enemies of the regime, since many will do nothing that could jeopardize their last opportunity to leave the country. Castro realizes this, and it was he who insisted that the ransom ships be allowed to remove enemies of his regime from Cuba.

Waiting for the Marines is no longer reasonable. The crisis of the Revolutionary Council, and particu-

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larly the dramatic exchange between the White House and Dr. Miro Cardona, brought home strongly this message to everyone.

We come then to the last choice: rebelling. One possibility is an unarmed popular rebellion. But two such attempts under Batista indicated that against ruthless totalitarian regimes such revolts are suicidal. In this respect, US assurances against "another Hungary" need clarification. Obviously, these assurances mean that Soviet troops cannot be used to crush a rebellion. But what if Castro uses his own troops, trained, armed and advised by the Russians? The question is important because disturbing reports keep reaching me from Cuba on plans to stage an uprising – not an uprising planned to succeed on its own but one designed to force US intervention. Many Cubans and Americans have become convinced that *any* uprising, of whatever magnitude, will be "another Hungary" and will force the US to intervene. But is this true? It is to be hoped that both the Americans who are giving such assurances and the Cubans who count on them have a better understanding of each other than they had on the question of air support at the time of the Bay of Pigs.

Unless the US is prepared to intervene in behalf of rebels, the only hope for a successful revolt is for the armed forces to join it. Most people tend to think of the Army and the Militia as a monolithic structure blindly serving the regime. This is not the case. Plotting inside the Army has been frequent, although recently the government has tried to handle such cases discreetly. The regime's diminishing faith in its armed forces is indicated by the fact that the militia is less and less allowed to keep its arms. Army ammunition is rationed to prevent uprisings; units are sent to areas where they have no relations with the local population to prevent defection; officers are rotated constantly to prevent their gaining a following among their soldiers. Furthermore, since the influx of Soviet troops, heavy equipment has been concentrated in the Soviet units and they have been dispersed in a way that will permit their use against any Cuban unit that rebels.

The question remains: how can these potential forces free Cuba without risking nuclear war? A four pronged attack is required.

1. Cuban workers will have to intensify their passive opposition to higher government production goals. Those willing to take greater risks will have to be encouraged to sabotage production, transportation, and communication facilities, which are widely dispersed and easily attacked. The defense of these people will have to depend more on surprise and evasion than on fire power. They will need to operate in small cells formed by people who know each other well. A large underground apparatus, although theoretically useful for coordination, could be too easily infiltrated by the government. This campaign will decrease production and lead Castro to new security measures, which are sure to be as unpopular as they were under Batista. Such a campaign will force the government to spread its military forces thinly over the whole country.

2. If this kind of disorganized sabotage grows, organized rebel groups will have more room for maneuver than they now do. The rebel groups will, however, have to take into account the differences between the present situation and the situation at the time of the revolt against Batista. Groups will have to be smaller and depend more on evasion. A more elaborate supply apparatus from abroad will be necessary. Communications, both inter-group and with the exterior, will have to be better.

3. If this strategy is adopted, the exile community will be mainly a sanctuary. It will not require official US support. All that will be needed is the same tolerance shown for the 26th of July Movement against Batista, the Algerian rebels and the Angolan rebels.

4. The subversion of the armed forces, which has been going on all along, will have to be intensified. Eventually, as the government fails to fulfill its promises of a better life and forces soldiers to take more and more risks on its behalf every day, a successful rebellion should become possible. No doubt there will be a hard core of Castroites who will fight to the bitter end, and a large majority who will probably remain neutral. Many, however, will join the rebels.

Under this strategy, Soviet forces appear in a completely different light. Militarily, they will be of little use against guerrillas. If they participate in anti-guerrilla activity, Castro will alienate the nationalist feeling he has awakened among his own followers. The Soviets may eventually reach the conclusion that Cuba is not worth the cost in economic assistance and adverse propaganda. They are certainly more likely to dissociate themselves from Castro under these circumstances than under the threat of US invasion.

Thus, it is my contention that Cuba can be freed without risking nuclear war. The United States can help by isolating Castro, economically, diplomatically and militarily. It can also put pressure on the Soviet Union to end not only their military support of Castro, but political and economic support as well. Finally, the US must show more understanding and respect for Castro's opponents than it has in the past. Despite obvious disunity among the exiles, the US must resist the temptation to fill the vacuum and impose its own solution. The Bay of Pigs approach, under which Cuban leaders were not allowed to make any of the important decisions, must be avoided at all costs. If the Cuban problem is to be solved, the leadership for such undertaking will not be found among Cubans willing to submit to the dictates of second line CIA operatives.

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The Intellect and Its Enemies

by Richard Gilman

In a recent article about the fantastic technical sophistication and chess-like procedures of professional football, Vince Lombardi, the coach of the champion Green Bay Packers, was quoted as saying that "I think we excel at area blocking because we have a very intelligent line. By intelligence I mean the lineman's ability to improvise and adjust instantaneously." The definition is

Anti-Intellectualism in American Life
by Richard Hofstadter
(Knopf; $7.50)

one which Richard Hofstadter, whose academic stature couldn't be very much below that of Mr. Lombardi in *his* field and who has just written a judicious and wide-ranging study of the bias against intellect – not intelligence – in American experience, would not be able to fault. It is a remarkable although possibly also ominous thing that in this age of hermetic undertakings and special vocabularies a football coach and a professor of history should be heard speaking the same language, even though a world of divergent intention may still separate them.

For here is Professor Hofstadter on the difference between intelligence and intellect: the former, he writes, is "manipulative, *adjustive* and practical," intellect being, on the other hand, "critical, creative and contemplative." *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life* places a great deal of weight on this distinction and is supported by it throughout its argument, since, as the evidence from one of our classically indigenous phenomena shows, it is not intelligence that is undervalued or suspected in this country, although something related to intelligence surely is. And while Coach Lombardi doesn't choose to say anything about that, I don't think he would quarrel with Professor Hofstadter when the latter goes on to describe intellect as being characterized by "free speculation," by "creative novelty" and by "*disinterested* intelligence," the very qualities, it scarcely seems necessary to point out, which in institutionalized sports, as in business or politics or most personal relations for that matter, are the ones which Americans are most likely to be alarmed and disconcerted by.

Not that Professor Hofstadter thinks that distrust of intellect and its adventures is a peculiarly American condition. One of the ways in which his book is superior to so many recent studies of mass culture or of the plight of mind in our country is precisely that he refuses to believe we are unique. We may have to suffer more acutely at times than say the French or even the English, but there is a sense, he argues, in which the intellectual is always and everywhere in alienation from his society, and especially from all bourgeois and industrial societies. And though his book is limited by choice to American history and institutions he makes a point of chiding the representative American intellectual for his insistence on the isolated character of his predicament.

"American intellectuals have a lamentably thin sense of history," he writes, and who would want to say that they haven't? In any case, only those among us with a fuller one than Mr. Hofstadter has encountered will be prepared to accept another major thesis of his – that the renewed outbreaks of anti-intellectualism during the postwar period here are indications not of the diminishing status and influence of mind and its representatives but of their ascent, of their increased prominence, their revived and more central importance.

The fate of the intellect in this country has in fact followed a cyclical course from the beginning, and it is one of Professor Hofstadter's main activities to trace it. The narrowest sense of history will have room for the knowledge that the United States was organized, shaped and led during its early years by men of intellect, and that there have been other periods in our national existence when thought – even if reduced in sovereignty or too closely tied to immediate ends – has been able to lead an unembarrassed and even productive public life. They have been brief and their range and intensity have been not at all what we would have liked, but we have had them. The Progressive Era and the middle years of the New Deal are examples; both, furthermore, came after especially dense epochs of know-nothingism and business hegemony, just as the Kennedy regime, with its employment of the professors and its at least well-meaning gestures towards culture, has succeeded the years of McCarthy and Charlie Wilson.

But beyond this, as Hofstadter is at pains to demonstrate, the pursuit of intellectual ends, whether as these affect public policy or are a matter of personal commitment, and the denigration and hatred of such a pursuit, have never constituted the opposing sides of a simple morality play. Instead they have most often been bound together in confused and inverted ways, struggling in an arena of self-division, ambivalence and paradox. Hofstadter distinguishes three major areas of our history in which the war between the intellect and its enemies – which have ranged from the cult of practical intelligence to that of "instinctive life" to the apocalyptic repudiation of thought as a sinful temptation – has conducted itself, and in each the presence of irony and paradox has been a heavy one.

Anti-intellectualism, he writes, "first got its strong grip on our ways of thinking" (he is not often, it should be said, as clumsy a stylist as this passage

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would make it appear; compared to most social scientists, and even in his own right, he is a witty and sometimes even an elegant writer) "because it was fostered by an evangelical religion that also purveyed many humane and democratic sentiments. It made its way into our politics because it became associated with our passion for equality. It has become formidable in our education partly because our educational beliefs are evangelically egalitarian."

These three areas – of religion, politics and education – make up the bulk of Professor Hofstadter's inquiry. He has performed an astonishing labor of research, which if he had done nothing else would in itself constitute a testament to intellect, or at least to something part way between intellect and intelligence. It seems doubtful that he has let anything pertinent escape his scrutiny; and what is more valuable he has not changed anything to suit his gaze. We are therefore put into possession of as much material as anyone could possibly want, both of the sort to reinforce our awareness of anti-intellectualism as a historic specter in American life and to correct our notion that it is merely a perverse, self-generated, arbitrary phenomenon, or else a natural one, a curse produced like corn from the land.

The section on religion is the most interesting and vigorous one, that on education the least. This is no doubt due in part to the fact that our religious history, especially in its more flamboyant and embattled aspects, has not usually received the scholarly and elevated attention that our politics and education have, so that Hofstadter has a clearer, less plowed-up field to work in. But it also reflects the deeper interest he has in religion as it bears upon his subject; the evangelical, subjective and voluntaristic impulses in American Protestantism are at the root of anti-intellectualism in a way that most intellectuals, unless they happen to be religious thinkers like Reinhold Niebuhr, have simply not seen or have seen with such hostility and contempt that it amounts to blindness.

Mr. Hofstadter is as unhappy as any of us before the existence, weakened but still pervasive, of such religiously-

Written in London after a Protest Parade

Any messages, messages, any word?
Has the woman with her child gone home?
Has the Pole Anna, whose mother died,
Received good news? Is there a god?
And what of the gasman. Did he come?
The wind is high on this sea-blown isle
And it is tall in my room and dim.
At the shut window the curtains blow.
I don't want all that air. Don't let it in.
And the bulldog pup wrapped in a sweater
Whose obscene old grandmother barked at him,
Is he going to Brussels on the weekend?
His former father is a stud in Rome,
A most respectable pinknosed pug,
And if he saw a bull would he bait him?

I walked with the women today, several abreast,
Escorted by policemen – "What a travesty!"
We set a fast pace and we had balloons
And black pennants on shepherd crooks
And ten or more trundled go-carts.
How the babies slept over their wheels
Up Kingsway through Ludgate Circus!
And at St. Paul's we waited an hour
To see a Masque and then it was over.

Any messages, messages, any word?
We were soluble in some concord
For a while we were part of one
In an unproved, nearly abstract way.
Buttons were sold and *Peace News*,
We were "on the side of humanity"
Herded by policemen, shot
By photographers every which way.
A goodly company of good will
Not bound to win but bound to try
Said one
With a face from which intelligence shone.
There were ministers' wives and a cold sun
On grimy St. Paul's with its swollen domes.

And what of the woman in the small back room
Who looked as young as her daughter?
She has stolen her daughter, in the same lumpy bed
Too narrow for one they slept together.
A sad intensity set them apart,
They were pale and still when I saw them.
And the wind. Will her husband come?
Will he send a bailiff or procure a judge?
She would know *what* to do if she knew *where*, she said.

At sixes and sevens, irrationally
Up in arms, at sea, tossed resistlessly,
Almost at times not right in the head,
Opposing by erratic decisions what the heart only knows
That it wants after choice has canceled too late, too late,
Nursing the murderer there
Whether it hunts by knives
Or the thought that denies. . . .
We are elated, but should we try
As some of us said, to die
If it came to that, for what we believe?
If it *must* come to that, that is. . . .

JEAN GARRIGUE

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oriented distrust of mind, but he insists that we have to understand it. "One reason why the political intelligence of our time is so incredulous and uncomprehending in the presence of the right-wing mind," he says, "is that it does not reckon fully with the essentially theological concern that underlies right-wing views of the world." For the fundamentalist right-winger, he goes on to say, "the issues of the actual world are . . . transformed into a spiritual Armageddon, an ultimate reality, in which any reference to day-by-day actualities has the character of an allegorical illustration, and not of the empirical evidence that ordinary men offer for ordinary conclusions."

The eschatological concerns of fundamentalist religion are paralleled in education by quasi-scientific and millenary ones. In his long discussion of John Dewey's influence, a section in which he attempts to rescue Dewey from his more egregious misinterpreters while fixing a certain degree of blame upon him, Professor Hofstadter puts his finger on one aspect of educational theory which spreads to become part of the larger cultural and philosophic atmosphere that thought has always had to struggle within and against in this country. "Dewey," he writes, "echoes an argument against the past which has been sounded by so many American thinkers before him. His language gives the impression that he saw the entire drama of human experience primarily as a source of errors that must be exposed."

But the section on education seldom rises to the level of such an insight as this one, being much too preoccupied with the thankless business of trying to make American educational theory and practice yield up a determinable outline and rationale, having about it too much of the smell of the archives, from which nothing new or revelatory comes. As a matter of fact, the best parts of *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life* are just the ones where Hofstadter is less the strict historian than the interpreter, the man of opinion, feeling and sight. I hope this will not be taken as a slap at him or his vocation; perhaps the triumphant and lasting part of any historian's work is just that skin of vision and response that can only be formed after the great, unwieldy, passive body of facts has been made to take shape.

I have no stake in pursuing this; it is simply a way of accounting for my own response to Professor Hofstadter's work, which was most useful to me when it was most personal, that is to say when it was going deeper into its subject than any merely omniverous reader or master of research could go, and above all when it was entering into the actual experience of anti-intellectualism, into its lacerations and pressures, its uglinesses and underminings, into the subtle self-hatred it can cause in its victims and the self-pity which is not so subtle, and into the way it ultimately diminishes us all, perpetrators as well as victims. And most of this, though it can be found scattered

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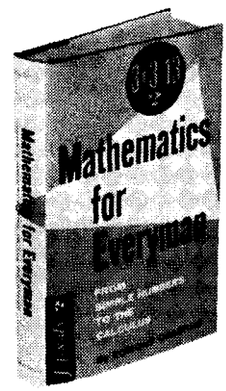

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throughout the main text and even in footnotes, is confined to the introduction and final chapter of the book. Well, there is that body of facts to be built up . . . and I hope I have made it clear that it is by no means a colorless one.

In the very last pages, Hofstadter moves directly into the question of the intellectual's position today, addressing himself to the dilemma that has been brought about by the very fact that American society seems no longer to be exiling its thinkers and artists but absorbing them and, as so many fear, pulling out their teeth. What he says is going to be exceedingly unpalatable to the kind of intellectual who is terrified of the process and whose terror originates within his own psychic uncertainties and thinness of identity, instead of in the situation itself.

To such an intellectual, he says, "alienation is seen not as a risk he must have the integrity to run, but as an obligation which preconditions all his other obligations. Alienation has ceased to be merely a fact of life and has taken on the character of a cure or a prescription for the proper intellectual regimen." And in discussing the 1952 *Partisan Review* symposium on culture in America, an event whose central implications remain entirely relevant today, he goes on to say:

> "The discomfort the dissenting writers express is engendered by the fact that American society seems to be absorbing its intellectuals just at the moment in history when their services as an independent source of national self-criticism are most desperately needed. They are to be criticized, I think, not for feeling this discomfort, but for a lack of awareness of the tragic predicament that underlies it."

If we are able to take such criticism, if we are able to see the predicament as tragic, which is to say entire and perennial, not to be wished away or cut through or exploded out of existence, we will have done more for the cause of intellect and truth than all our symposia, our pronunciamentos and our advertisements for ourselves have ever done.

Rebel with Many Causes

by Jackson Stanley

Thomas Wentworth Higginson's *Army Life in a Black Regiment*, first published in 1869, is probably the finest personal history to come out of the Civil War, but who knows anybody who ever heard of it? As a memoir it is as entertaining and informative as that of one of Higginson's innumerable cousins, Richard Henry Dana Jr., but where *Two Years Before the Mast*

Army Life in a Black Regiment
by Thomas Wentworth Higginson
(Michigan State; $4.50;
Beacon; $1.95; Collier; $.95)

Dear Preceptor, The Life & Times of Thomas Wentworth Higginson
by Anna Mary Wells
(Houghton Mifflin; $6)

raised an issue no more controversial than to flog or not to flog, Higginson said something sensational: Negroes make good soldiers.

In October of 1862 when Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson accepted the command of the First South Carolina Volunteers, a regiment of ex-slaves assembled at Port Royal, the idea of a black man in a blue uniform seemed about as silly as putting iron on a battleship. Despite Bull Run, courage was measured in inverse ratio to the pigmentation in a man's skin.

Col. Higginson was an excellent choice to prove otherwise. He was born in Cambridge in 1823, a descendant of the first English clergyman ordained on American soil and of an amiable assortment of inter-marrying Cabots, Lees, Channings and Jacksons. He was graduated from Harvard in 1841 – it was as disreputable to conservatives in matters of religion then as it is today to economic conservatives. He promptly did Harvard proud by losing his first calling as a Unitarian preacher because of his radical views on slavery, woman's rights, and the fourteen-hour day in the woolen mills. Higginson wasn't content to be merely anti-slavery – he was a galloping Abolitionist who favored Disunion if the problem couldn't be solved by violence. He was a leader of the mob which tried to free the fugitive slave, Anthony Burns, and received a blow on the head whose scar was to persist all his life. Wherever he lived was a stop on the Underground Railroad. He led a band of "emigrants" to Kansas in '56 to fatten the free-state voting lists there, and was one of the few financial supporters of John Brown who dared admit his complicity after the disaster at Harpers Ferry. He visited Brown's wife in the Adirondacks, helped a pair of the conspirators escape to Canada, and then tried to mount a plan to spring Brown from prison, but both it and Brown died from lack of support.

From then on, it was all war. Higginson studied tactics and was organizing a Massachusetts regiment when Governor Andrews gave him a leave of absence to go south.

The pressures on him were enormous. A previous attempt to arm the slaves had aborted in consequence of a curious contagion at army headquarters with the slave ideal: the soldiers were put to work at their old jobs behind the hoe, and nobody seemed to think they deserved any pay! They naturally deserted their new masters as resolutely as they had fled from the old.

Higginson promised his 800 recruits that they would be allowed to fight. Most of them were field-hands who had never held a gun and whose illiteracy had been maintained by law; they practised shooting and spelling with equal zest. Higginson's account of their quick transformation from children to men is charming, rich with anecdote, and entirely unpatronizing. He provided his men with the fighting they asked for; though the freed slaves of the Firs' Souf' participated in no major engagement, they suffered casualties in numerous raids up the St. John, the St. Marys, and the Edisto into enemy territory. Higginson was invalided out in May of 1864, typically optimistic of the results of his work both in freeing and dignifying the Negro:

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"It is not in nature that the jealousy of race should die out in this generation, but I trust we will not see the fulfillment of Corporal Simon Crum's prediction. Simon was one of the shrewdest old fellows in the regiment, and he said to me once, 'I'se goin' to leave de Souf, Cunnel, when de war is over. I'se made up my mind dat dese yer Secesh wil neber be civilized in my time'."

Unlike his friends who became technologically unemployed on January 1, 1863, Higginson had other interests, notably the fight for woman's rights, and his own personal battle, to achieve a preeminent place in literature. By the time he died in 1911 at the age of 86, he had been writing effusively for more than sixty years. He wrote poetry, and though his hymns are still being sung all over the land, he decided early in life that he would never be a poet. He wrote one bad novel and several short stories, and as one of the best literary critics of his time, promptly determined that this wasn't his metier, either. What made him one of the most widely read authors in the nation were his essays on nature, mountain climbing, popular history, and literature. Since he knew everyone in the literary and cultural life of the last half of the century, and wrote prolifically about them, no modern historian of that period is without obligation to him.

An excellent repayment of that debt has now appeared in the form of an entertaining, authoritative biography, *Dear Preceptor, The Life and Times of Thomas Wentworth Higginson* by Anna Mary Wells. She is an English instructor at Douglass, the woman's college of Rutgers, and the author of short stories and mystery novels. She is a lively writer and has brought the 19th-Century literary scene vividly to life, and lest this damn her in the eyes of her academic peers, I should add that the book is a work of exquisite scholarship, with 40 pages devoted to a frank discussion of the controversial sources of her information and one of those rare indexes which is descriptive instead of merely numerical. She has uncovered a basketful of new material unearthed from what must have been a rat's-nest of Higginson's diaries, letters,

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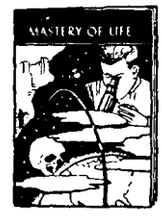

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press clippings and other papers in the Houghton Library at Harvard – Higginson kept a record of everything and never threw anything away.

The question as to why Higginson's reputation went into eclipse after his death has been answered by Miss Wells. Not only did he spread himself too thin – he made noteworthy contributions to his century as an author, reformer, soldier, preacher, editor, politician, historian, naturalist, orator, collector of folk-songs, and teacher – but he "won all his battles, and success tended to make them appear trivial. The emancipation of Negroes and women made the things Higginson had said about them trite and obvious."

Perhaps too, Higginson cut himself off from everlasting fame by being an optimist, and despite his unhappy first marriage, an essentially cheerful man. Then, also, he possessed a kind of amtrivalence, being sympathetic to the opposing views of Cambridge intellectuals, Boston reformers, and Brookline aristocrats, but never able to identify himself exclusively with any of them. He was too much of a gentleman to take a hard-nosed position and shared the fate of all intelligent men who see something of themselves in their enemies. That he had a deep need to be liked and admired is a key both to his character and his lack of recognition; roughly translated, it means that nice guys finish last.

Higginson's interest in women was intensely personal. He surrounded himself with them all his life; he grew up with a gaggle of bluestockings, performed the marriage rites for Lucy Stone (omitting the "obey") and was a warm friend of Julia Ward Howe, Margaret Fuller, Charlotte Forten, Celia Thaxter and Helen Hunt (later Jackson) with whom, despite his marriage, he was seriously in love.

In the matter of Higginson's connection with Emily Dickinson, Miss Wells has given a thorough review of the evidence and arrived at what appears to be the most objective analysis of this celebrated literary dispute yet presented. Higginson encouraged Miss Dickinson and corresponded with her for nearly 25 years; she died without naming a literary executor and two generations of scrapping heirs to her poetic remains have enlivened the literary salons with shrill cries. The victim of most of this cultural in-fighting has been Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who is accused by both factions of having improperly edited Miss Dickinson's verse. In Miss Wells' captivating account of the imbroglio, there are no villains, all adversaries being, as General Saxton described Higginson's Negro troops, intensely human.

My own candidate for villain is Emily Dickinson herself. As the daughter and sister of lawyers, she should have known enough to leave a will. And there probably wouldn't have been anything to argue about if she hadn't, being Higginson's exact antithesis, committed a grave crime against history. She destroyed all his letters.

Overproduction in American Agriculture

by Asher Brynes

American farmers produce too much, farmers in the developing countries too little, so half the world is hungry while we complain of the cost of our agricultural programs. Why can't we pour off these surpluses and move to an equilibrium between their need and our over-supply? How does it happen that there are still some $8 billion of US surplus farm commodities in government-leased warehouses, fully as much as was stored, on average, through each of the past five years? For the size of this hoard has persisted despite withdrawals of 20 to 25 percent annually for shipment abroad.

Farms and Farmers in an Urban Age
by Edward Higbee
(Twentieth Century Fund; $3)

Even in the presence of the world's massive need for food, fiber and other farm-produced materials it appears impossible to give away all of the surpluses accumulating under our agricultural price-maintenance programs. The underlying reason is that those programs were developed to promote the welfare of certain US farmers, and as a consequence the inventory of surplus farm products is limited too. The commodities piled up in the government's rented warehouse space bear little resemblance to the range of foodstuffs stocked in American supermarkets. Of the 240 crops grown commercially by American farmers only a half dozen, or approximately one-eightieth of the basic unprocessed varieties of our farm products, are to be found in any substantial quantity in the US stockpile of surplus commodities. But there are immense tonnages of feed grains, consisting chiefly of what city people call "horse corn," which most humans won't eat; of wheat, which must be milled and introduced as a novelty food in many of the rice and other grain-consuming countries; of cotton, which can be given away only in small quantities because some of our allies grow it and sell their cotton in the world's markets for cash. They would not feel happy, and our State Department would hear from them, if we cut into their trade by dumping the crop even for charitable purposes.

The dairy products in the surplus inventory are all in forms processed for storage. Powdered milk has to be reprocessed for consumption in the receiving country and it takes some fairly expensive machinery to do this on an adequate scale, particularly if US surplus butter is to be added to produce the equivalent of whole milk.

The shortcomings of our Food for Peace effort are thus a reflection of the deficiencies of the surplus inventory. And it is of further significance that, as Edward Higbee points out in this excited tract, we have a large population of underdeveloped farmers of our own who get little help from the price support programs that generate these lopsided surpluses. They are the dropouts of the continuing trend toward mass production, mass distribution and marketing, and in general of the increasing capitalization of all aspects of the American agricultural economy. Successful farms are growing larger. At the same time the successful farmers

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are using more and more capital to reduce their labor requirements, more and more machinery to replace men. Their farms, says Higbee, are becoming agricultural corporations geared to the production of tonnages of crops that can be machine-manipulated every step of the way from the placing of the seed in the field to the delivery of the packaged item at the sales-point in the supermarket.

Our basic agricultural price-support legislation was enacted long before these developments were visible; and it has reached the present pitch of absurdity as a consequence of three decades of log-rolling in the Congress. Indeed, city legislators are still trading votes with country Congressmen without giving much thought to the kinds of agrarian nonsense solemnly approved by them in the course of such deals. But the expense, in recent years, has become noticeably burdensome. Today the only branch of federal government that costs more than the Department of Agriculture is the Department of Defense. And it is beginning to dawn upon some of the urban Congressmen that the amounts of money annually expended to maintain certain farm prices is utterly disproportionate to the amounts provided to deal with the far more pressing needs of city and rural people who are not in the farm business.

The beginning of any rational consideration of this problem is the answer to a simple question: what is a farmer, so that we can count him and thus determine the character and dimension of his difficulty? The seeker after truth may go to the Bureau of the Census in the Department of Commerce, which takes a census of farming every five years. The last one occurred in 1959. Its specifics provide Higbee with the bone and muscle of his book.

In that year the official enumerators made an effort to count the number of real farms in this country, in distinction to the numbers of farm homes with kitchen gardens, some poultry and a cow to supply the family table with vegetables, eggs, milk, butter and an occasional chicken for the pot. These had been counted as production farms under the old rule, because Census enumerators had been instructed to ask the owners of such places whether they were farmers and if they said *yes*, they were so entered in records. In this latest census of farming, places of 10 acres or more were counted as farms only if their *estimated* sales of agricultural products for the year amounted to at least $50.

Since the national average of earnings from sales of farm products is about 30 percent of the market price, under the current formula persons earning $16.75 a year from farm operations are listed as farmers. The definition used is still so loose that as Higbee puts it, 44.2 percent of the "census farms" remaining on the rolls are *pseudo* farms with earnings of between $17 and $830 per annum from sales of agricultural products. The average for almost half the "census farm" operators is thus about $217 yearly. But the same persons who operate these farms were found to earn $2,900 or thirteen times more from other sources – full or part-time town jobs, pensions, Social Security payments.

The author sums all this up in a crucial footnote: "The census definition of a farm changes from time to time so figures [from different censuses] are not always comparable. . . . A more realistic definition of a farm in the next census would eliminate two-fifths of the present total." Thus it appears that even the poorest of migratory workers who wander from place to place, picking the crops as they ripen, earn four to five times as much from agriculture on an individual basis as the operators of these unreal farms.

Having made these points clear in the first chapter, Higbee moves on to a – the wonder of it! – recital of the triumphs of agricultural technology among successful farmers. The broiler industry, for instance, manages to convert about two pounds of feed (mostly corn, which costs less than four cents a pound) into a pound of bird, which sells wholesale for about 15 cents. These highly specialized farm operations require costly machinery, so they are financed by the big grain dealers – Quaker Oats, General Mills, Ralston; and the operators are contract farmers paid so much per unit of production plus a bonus for sparing use of feed. The author predicts that the same type of arrangement will spread into the livestock industry generally, without a word about the numerous failures.

Doubtless farms will, in one way or another, continue to grow bigger. But at the present time US agriculture is, and through the next decade will remain, a small business industry. Higbee's insistence that small scale agriculture "often leads to disaster while large scale production pays off" suggests a fundamental fallacy: that economies of scale are limitless in agriculture, so that the bigger the farm the cheaper it can produce. This is simply untrue. Repeated studies, particularly at the University of Iowa in the agricultural heartland of this country, have shown that farm efficiencies decline sharply on units above 350 or 500 acres. Except in the Southwest and in parts of Texas and in California, all over the continental United States these are family-size enterprises.

Utilizing family management and labor plus about as much hired labor again (equivalent to one-and-a-half man-years, statistically) American commercial farms are by far the most efficient agricultural operations in the world. It costs the Russians about six

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—Saturday Review

The Tin Drum
A novel by GÜNTER GRASS
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times as much effort, in terms of population committed to farming, to feed their people skimpily, with no surpluses left over for anybody to worry about. The corporation farm, which Higbee sees as the wave of the future, is comparable to what the Communists have sweated to develop, and their *kolkhozes* and *sovkhozes* are still models of left-handedness in the management of farm production. That is not true in the same degree of their light or heavy industries.

What Higbee shows no sign of understanding is that the processes of agricultural production are basically biological and only secondarily mechanical. Consequently, the division of labor in farming is primarily sequential; the same farmer or farm worker must take care of a sequence of jobs or operations through the length of the growing cycle. Since these operations cannot be sorted out and given to a number of workers to perform simultaneously, as in factory production, and the results of the various steps in production cannot be assembled simultaneously on a moving belt, efficient farms, particularly in temperate climates, must be organized around groups of people who are willing to perform a succession of different tasks over a period of time in the same place. More and more farms are indeed becoming corporations in this country, but practically all are still family corporations.

The average commercial family-farm operator is doubtless better fixed than the average US industrial worker in terms of the value of his holdings, his cash balance in the bank, and in his standard of living too. For if the average income of all farm families from agriculture, as recorded in the last census ($2,875), is adjusted for the fact that over 44 percent of those counted as farm operators earn practically nothing from agriculture, and a further adjustment is made in the usual way for the imputed value of the perquisites of living on a farm, the average real income of commercial family-farm operators in the United States works out to about $6,490 per annum – from agriculture. Depending on his efficiency, the turnover or gross sales of such an average grower would be in the neighborhood of $17,000 a year, which would put him into the groups that Higbee arbitrarily calls Upper Middle, part of his Lower Middle, and a part too of what he labels "Remainder of First Class."

The consequence of Higbee's exaggeration of the amount of bigness in farming is that when he comes to reveal his policy for ending our farm troubles, the logic of his exposition forces him into a confused conclusion. "The history of [government] price support efforts indicates that they do not shelter the small farmer," he says, "but they do stimulate his bigger competitors. They should be discontinued in favor of letting free enterprise determine price. As a concession to the marginal farmer, he should be offered the option to accept or reject an official allotment which would preserve for him his present small share of the market." In other words the government should abandon the fringe farmers because they cannot be helped by price supports (about 7 million people) and all but the marginal commercial farmers (3.25 million people) because they need no help. This leaves the poorest of the commercial group, somewhat over five million people, the third of the farm population which produces a fifth of the crops. Between the last two farm censuses, 1954-1959, 14 percent of them dropped out of agriculture. A government guarantee of their "share of the market" would be a guarantee of continuing poverty. What they really need is to be helped up or out of agriculture, not kept in it on the same sad level.

Corruption in High Places

by Thurman Arnold

This book contains the stories of the rise and fall of three corrupt federal judges – Judge Manton of New York, and Judges Davis and Johnson of Pennsylvania. The stories are told in fascinating detail. Mr. Borkin has a vivid and entertaining style. The book moves rapidly. It is far more entertaining than the best detective story. At the same time it is written with scrupulous accuracy and exhaustive scholarship. It is to be recommended for the layman as well as for the lawyer.

The Corrupt Judge
by Joseph Borkin
(Clarkson Potter; $6)

One of the interesting things disclosed by these stories is the length of time it took and the variety of the corrupt operations of these judges before they were caught. The reader wonders how many cases of judicial corruption there are which are never exposed. Nevertheless, in my own career as a lawyer I have suspected on more than one occasion that the judge had been subjected to undue influence and perhaps bribery. Whether I was right or wrong in these suspicions no one will ever know. However, as this book demonstrates, if a judge is sufficiently cautious he has an excellent chance of escaping detection when he accepts a bribe.

Furthermore, the judge has a certain immunity from investigation because of the extreme danger to a lawyer or to a litigant who makes charges which subsequently are not proved, and only these two classes of persons are apt to have any basis for suspicion that a judge has been bribed.

Mr. Borkin suggests as a safeguard

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JULES FEIFFER

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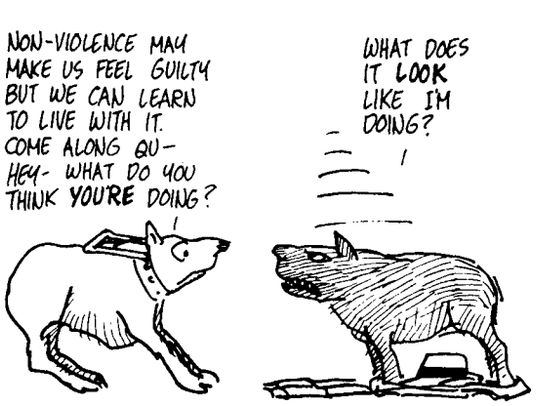
I KNOW MY RIGHTS. I'LL CALL THE F.B.I.

THE COURTS TAKE **FOREVER**. WHY ELSE WOULD WE ENCOURAGE YOU TO USE THEM? COME ALONG, QUIETLY.
I KNOW MY RIGHTS. I'LL PICKET NON-VIOLENTLY.


NON-VIOLENCE MAY MAKE US FEEL GUILTY BUT WE CAN LEARN TO LIVE WITH IT. COME ALONG QU- HEY- WHAT DO YOU THINK **YOU'RE** DOING?
WHAT DOES IT **LOOK** LIKE I'M DOING?

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that all federal judges make statements to some agency of the Supreme Court of the United States as to all their business activities, including their investments and financial condition. Had this been available in the three cases in Mr. Borkin's book either the corruption would have been discovered earlier or the judges would have had to add to their criminal conduct by making false financial reports – an offense which is much easier to investigate and expose than bribery.

Mr. Borkin has in a very useful and thorough appendix given a summary of the articles of impeachment of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor, who received a total of £12,230. This is followed by summaries of the proceedings against all federal judges whose official action has been the subject of Congressional inquiry. There are 55 such cases. Of these 55 only eight were impeached, eight were censured but not impeached, and 17 others resigned. Mr. Borkin notes that "Prosecuting officials, the bar, and the Congress appear to have been willing to permit withdrawal from the bench to be a curtain behind which judges of questionable character could hide their misdeeds." Perhaps this is due to the natural desire of Congress to avoid public scandals which might reflect on the character of the judiciary.

Whether or not you agree with Mr. Borkin's suggestion, this is one of the most entertaining books in recent legal literature.

FILMS

A Jolly Good Fellini

Like most autobiographical works Federico Fellini's scintillating new film 8½ reveals something more than its author intended. Begin with the title. It derives from the fact that, up to now, Fellini has made six full-length films and has contributed three "half" segments to anthology films. Before we step into the theater, the title tells us that he is clever, and that he sees the film as part of his personal history. It also tells us that he found himself stuck for a title.

8½ (Embassy)
Irma La Douce (United Artists)

The story is about a director stuck for a story, an artist in a creative slump, in the familiar *nel mezzo del cammin* crisis. The director is at a luxurious spa hotel trying to straighten out the script for his next job. With him is his writer, a fair sample of the intellectual *manqué* who clings to much European film-making as both a suppliant and a hair-shirt. The director is joined by his married mistress who stays at a neighboring hotel. His producer arrives with entourage. His wife arrives and is not deceived about the mistress. One of the best moments is his lying about the mistress to his wife with the face of truth and the wife's knowledge of this and her disgust – principally that he can sound so truthful when he lies; and – one step beyond this – *his* knowledge of *her* knowledge. His mind accommodates this with a perception of the gulf between moral myth and moral fact, then it flies off into a harem-scene fantasy. The film is thickly laced with fantasy – with recollection, projection, wish fulfillment, and a dream girl who reappears throughout. The director, harassed by his producer to come to a decision after months of vacillation about script and casting, is paralyzed by apathy and ennui. At last he decides to abandon the film. Then, in further fantasy, he faces all the facts of his past and present, accepts them, and decides to make a film out of the very elements we have been witnessing.

In terms of execution I cannot remember a more brilliant film. In image, visual ingenuity, subtlety of pace, sardonic humor, it is stunning. We see a wizard at the height of his wizardry, and it has something of the effect, given in contemporary reports, of Liszt playing Liszt. The film opens in a silent dream as the director suffocates in a traffic-jammed car while impassive faces in other cars watch or don't watch. He floats up through the sun roof into the sky, and in a perspective like that of Dali's *Crucifixion*, we look down past his leg along a kite-rope attached to it, held by a man on a beach. He crashes – and wakes in his hotel bed.

The telling imaginative touches keep tumbling out one after another. In a dream his dead mother suddenly kisses him passionately on the mouth; when she pulls her head away, it is his wife. When his writer quotes one too many pearls of wisdom, the director wearily lifts a finger in command, two bravoes suddenly appear, slip a black hood over the writer's head and hang him on the spot. When certain nonsense syllables remind him of his childhood, we go back to his family's house – as spacious and safe as it seemed to him then – when he and his cousins were treading grapes in a tun, then were washed and carried off to bed in clean sheets in their nurses' arms. There is no point in a catalogue; the effects are many and marvelous. The dreams do not fade out and in, they are part of the fabric. If it takes a moment to decide whether what is happening is dream or not, the confusion is probably part of the design.

But when we ask what the theme of the film really is, what the director learns from his crisis about his crisis, what the resolution really means, the answers are less satisfactory. He says at the end, as he watches the dramatis personae of his life dancing around a circus ring, that he has learned to live with his past. There is little indication up to now that he was not living with it; the resolution seems a somewhat hollow convenience to end the film pleasantly. (It could easily be argued that his fantasy suicide near the end ought to be the true end and is the logical conclusion: that the resolved,

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Richard Gilman *is drama critic of* The Commonweal. Jean Garrigue, *an American poet who has just returned from traveling abroad, is preparing a new volume of her works.* Jackson Stanley *is the author of a novel,* The Florentine Ring. Thurman Arnold *is the author of* The Folklore of Capitalism *and a former federal judge.*

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happy ending in reality is itself a fantasy.) The genuine *raison d'être* of the picture is in the opportunities it provides for Fellini. The reason that certain operas exist is that certain singers existed who could sing them. The prime reason for this film is that Fellini is a prodigious film virtuoso.

What *8½* reveals that is perhaps more than Fellini intended is this: it is not about a creative crisis, encountered and survived; it reveals a continuing movement in his work that was first clear in *La Dolce Vita*. Up to then, there had been a generally consistent welding of method and meaning, as in *I Vitelloni* (which I still like best). In *Dolce Vita* there is a strong sense of theme used as opportunity rather than as concern. This sense was strengthened in his section of *Boccaccio 70*. It flowers in *8½*. I offer this observation in appraisal, not derogation. Virtuosity has an esthetic and value of its own, whether it is coloratura singing or fantastic pirouettes or *trompe-l'oeil* painting, and when it is as overwhelming as Fellini's virtuosity, one can be moved by it very nearly as much as by art that "says" something. In fact I don't think that *8½* "says" very much, but it is breathtaking to watch. One doesn't come away from it as from, say, the best Bergman or Renoir – with a continuing, immanent experience; one has to think *back* to it and remember the effect. But that is easy, for the experience is unforgettable.

Star billing ought to go to the director of photography, Gianni de Venanzo, and the editor, Leo Catozzo, who have wrought assorted miracles. Playing the director, Marcello Mastroianni invests the role with presence and portent. *Divorce – Italian Style* clarified to many what was apparent years ago to some: that he is a skillful comedian. Here he interweaves that skill with his ability to touch the commonplaces of life with grave poetry. Sandra Milo makes a serious-silly pneumatic mistress, Anouk Aimee convinces as the wife, and the rest of the large company confirm another of Fellini's gifts: his ability to cast even the smallest parts perfectly.

"Duller than the show" would be my headline for the ads of *Irma La Douce*. When I read that Billy Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond were going to film the musical play, I thought that if anyone could, they would rescue the material. I conclude that no one can. Wilder has never shown less of his brassy film-engineering ability, and he and Diamond have never written so soggy a script. Or so long a one. In this tale of a Paris *poule* and her pimp, Shirley MacLaine continues to define the limits of her talent and Jack Lemmon continues to show the vigor of his, even in adversity. Lou Jacobi, as a philosophical barkeep, gives a performance that assumes a certain polished technique which, in proof, is more assumption than fact.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

The Paper Economy

Sirs:

It is difficult to comprehend an editorial policy which would countenance the publication in successive issues of reviews of important books on economic matters where the demonstrated degree of economic competence on the part of the reviewers was so varied as that displayed by Philip Green (Bazelon's *The Paper Economy*) and Edward T. Chase (Benoit and Boulding's *Disarmament and the Economy*). Mr. Chase's analysis and criticism were uniformly acute, thoughtful and couched in language which was an excellent compromise between the economist's technical jargon and the layman's oversimplifications. As for Mr. Green, I have not heard such nonsense since the early 1930's when the disenchanted who did not understand the economics of the great depression were seeking scapegoats upon whom could be placed the blame for conspiring to create the great debacle.

Such statements as, "the purpose of production in society may be either for the profit of the producer or the use of the consumer," display a degree of 19th-Century socialist naïveté which would be laughed out of any serious discussion of economic matters whether it took place in Wall Street, the Kremlin or the University. It is not an either-or type of question, but one of mutual accommodation. Unless conditions of slavery or proletarian dictatorship exist, fundamental exploitative conditions such as those pronounced above cannot endure because the parties thereto will not consent. The conclusion that "the profit system as we know it is the declared enemy of the good life for millions" is the sort of polemic which used to fill the pathetic little pamphlets of my own college days. . . . I was surprised not to encounter the old chestnut to the effect that our country's social and economic problems would be solved if only we had "production for use and not for profit." Certainly the spirit of it was there.

Mr. Green seems terribly concerned about the use of pieces of paper to denominate general claims to goods (money) and more specific ownership claims (stock certificates, etc.). Apparently, he feels that only physical, personally-encompassing possessions qualify as property which can be said to be owned. What does it matter to the investor whether his small symbolic fragment of a General Motors factory is ever differentiated and delivered to his possession? He is concerned with the rights and risks of ownership, these hated "functions" which (oh, horror!) are now "manipulated by small groups of people for their own purposes." The whole argument is just too silly.

Finally, we have that other hoary Debsian charge, that "money is only valuable when something else is scarce. Therefore, the pursuit of money leads to the deliberate creation of scarcity." Utopia would be just around the corner

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if only our productive potential could be wrested from the grasp of these tools of the money trust! Shades of William Jennings Bryan! Scarcity is not deliberately created by anyone, but arises out of the growing and apparently limitless aspirations of mankind. It exists whenever the supply of goods of any kind is so small that everyone cannot freely possess all that he may want. Nothing could eliminate scarcity of this sort. Mr. Green is confused, apparently, by the inability of the American economy to function at its full present capacity. However, the straight-faced statement that scarcity stems from the machinations of money manipulators motivated by the desire artificially to maintain the value of their "paper," simply defies serious analysis.

David J. Ashton
Winchester, Mass.

In reply:

Mr. Ashton's intemperate letter distorts my meaning to the point of absurdity. Where he does respond to my remarks rather than his own imaginings, he betrays an inability to understand any opinion that falls outside his own narrow frame of reference – the Dismal Science. For example:

Using the vocabulary of economics one may describe what goes on in an economic system as adjustment of supply and demand to each other, or "mutual accommodation." That vocabulary is poverty-stricken, however, if one is interested in the essentially psychological and political questions of *motivation* that I was writing about. When the gentlemen who set prices for an industry or firm get together, they don't ask each other what human needs exist that can appropriately be satisfied by their product, or how the workers' instinct for craftsmanship may be better fulfilled, but what can be done about *profits*. If they could double the latter at the expense of halving the former, they'd cheerfully do so. That is what production for profit means.

Thus, what Bazelon calls the "paper economy" *does* often work against the well-being of "millions," because the "pursuit of paper" may mean, for instance, using the Urban Renewal Act to reap speculative profits rather than to meet the housing needs of urbanites; or it may mean justifying a high level of unemployment by saying that "the system" needs it.

I don't understand Mr. Ashton's incoherent paragraph about paper and property; he should read Bazelon. My point – Bazelon's rather – is that a car can be "owned" as "property"; General Motors can't be. It is important to defend the moral right to the kind of property a car represents; but that argument nowadays is used to justify rights to the kind of "property" GM represents. "Property" so described is a myth, not a reality, and the myth – ideology, rather – justifies the immense power of those who control GM. The question is one of *power*, not property. Mr. Ashton apparently believes the rest of us share in that power – who's "just too silly" anyway?

If Mr. Ashton can't see any difference between natural scarcity and artificially created scarcity, he must be wilfully blind. In any event, I'd love to hear his "serious analysis" of why the steel industry functions at half of capacity while there are several million unemployed. All I get out of Mr. Ashton is that the economy is what it is because it is what it is, and to think that things could be different if different motives were given freer rein by different institutional arrangements is "Utopian." There are certainly many possible ways in which the *status quo* can be defended, but this mindless recourse to what Galbraith sardonically calls the Conventional Wisdom is not one of them.

Philip Green
Princeton University

New York Preliminaries

Sirs:

In the article entitled "New York Preliminaries" (*NR*, June 8), Murray Kempton questioned the steadfastness of Rep. Samuel Stratton's adherence to liberal principles. Perhaps Mr. Kempton does not think it possible for a liberal Democrat to win in a heavily Republican district.

As a former student of Congressman Stratton thirteen years ago when he taught political philosophy at Union College in Schenectady, New York, I learned from him what makes an ef-

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fective liberal. And I think Mr. Stratton's own record in public life has shown what a real liberal is.

Who else in our state of New York could direct a successful campaign to the voters of John Taber's old Congressional area based on the need for New Yorkers to support the United Nations, the President's Medicare program and a strong civil rights program?

And who would have predicted that a man with a 100 percent rating from the AFL-CIO Committee for Political Education, a 90 percent rating from Americans For Democratic Action and a 5 percent rating from the right wing Americans for Constitutional Action could survive in an area especially gerrymanded to assure an overwhelming guaranteed Republican majority? And who else in Congress had the guts to challenge Senator Keating's irresponsible attacks against our Cuban policy, as Congressman Stratton has?

One final point – while a great many politicians are making pious speeches on the civil rights issue, Congressman Stratton is in Washington working on it. His recently introduced bill (HR 6801) to implement Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment so that states that deprive Negroes of their voting rights will subsequently suffer losses in their Congressional representation, is surely not only one of the most liberal pieces of legislation but one that all liberals must rally behind.

Lawrence W. Levine
New York City

Uncle Tom's Cabin

Sirs:

Professor Lynn's long discourse on *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (June 29) is curiously out of place between the same covers as TRB's magnificent piece on the Negro parade in Washington and the stirring lead editorial, "JFK – All the Way." With all due deference to Edmund Wilson, Constance Rourke and himself, I fear Professor Lynn got carried away with the literary aspect to the point of overlooking other considerations.

The two main props of white supremacists today are (1) biological inferiority of the Negro and (2) paternalism. Now that young adult Negroes are leaving the South in large numbers, leaving a larger proportion of the aged and infirm behind, Southerners are finding more and more merit in the back-to-Africa idea, notwithstanding the fact that Negroes have been residents here on an average of a century or two longer than they have. So let us call this Point 3.

Now, lo and behold! Good, innocent Mrs. Stowe supported all three points. (1) George and Eliza are white enough to "pass," Cassie and Emmeline are near white, but Sambo, Quimbo and Topsy are all black. (2) Her book reeks with paternalism, including good old Massa Shelby and good old Massa St. Clair; true, they had their small weaknesses but nothing to compare with their kindnesses. (3) George, bless his heart, uses freedom to prepare for taking his family back to Africa. "The desire and yearning of my soul is for an African *nationality*," says he.

Unwittingly, Mrs. Stowe did her full share of encouraging Northern indifference to the 1877 takeover by the Southern white Redeemers that enthroned Jim Crow laws and abased Negroes to the lowest level of their four centuries as Americans. Now her pious bones are being rattled again to confound the unsophisticated non-Southerner and bear out the racists.

Professor Lynn considers it "a tragedy . . . that contemporary readers remain steadfastly indifferent to the book. . .," which can do no more harm than a McGuffey Reader to the relatively few who grasp the realities of this urgent national problem. For the others, it is more likely to reinforce unfavorable stereotypes of Negroes and encourage condescending pity instead of desperately needed mutual respect and fellowship.

Hugh Alfred Taylor
Washington, D. C.

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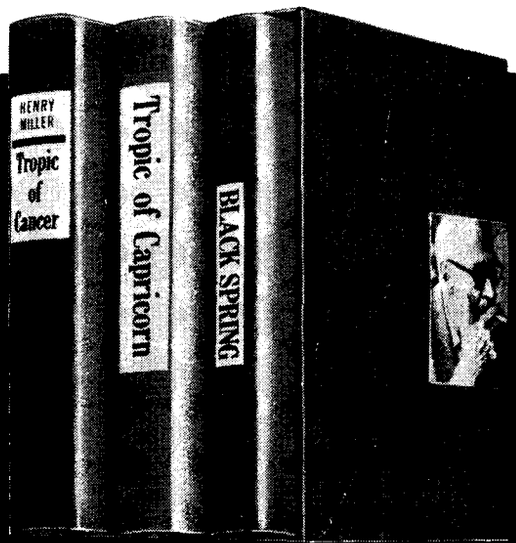

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